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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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*ASSUNTA—A young Italian girl
from the painting by MAURICE STERNE*

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ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

FEBRUARY · 1935

Gypsies in Winter

Gypsies may be Russian, English, Roumanian—but no matter what their nationality may be, they are one people

By

CHESLEY KAHMANN



—BENEATH the tall, glaring red words, upon a background of light brown, is the picture of a head divided into sections by heavy blue lines. And here and there are

dabbed strange signs, in orange, and green, and yellow.

The phrenology canvas covers a doorway in an uptown side street of New York City. Behind it, with one eye to a peek hole, stands Delenda, a dark-skinned Gypsy girl of perhaps sixteen. She's watching a young Gaje across the street. Gaje is Delenda's word for a girl who is not a Gypsy.

Twice in the last fifteen minutes the Gaje has been there, looking at the fortune-telling sign. She's looking at it again. Now she's starting to cross the street toward it.

"She's worried," the Gypsy is thinking. "It's in her face."

DELEND A tightens a long, carved gold earring that looks as if it might have come from Egypt, or India. She gives her sleek black hair a few pats with her browned fingers, and saunters gracefully out-of-doors into the sharp February wind. Her wide orange skirts, that are made of so many yards of sateen, swish in the wind and show her bare ankles above her sandals.

"She's shy," Delenda thinks. She pretends to be straightening the phrenology canvas, but she is really studying the approaching girl, and coming to valuable conclusions.

She knows well enough that the Gaje is staring at her green blouse, with all the red, and yellow, and purple strings of beads upon it, and she knows the Gaje sees the coins braided into her black hair.

"She's a customer, or I'm blind in both eyes," Delenda is thinking, "and I'll make it easier for her. She must have something in that purse." She looks directly at the girl who is now very near, and smiles. "Dream book only a quarter!" she says, whipping a slim paper-covered book from a pocket. "Tells any kind of dream a person'd have, and——"

"How much is a fortune?" asks the girl.

"Fifty cents," says Delenda. In a glance she notices the girl's shoes, that have recently been re-heeled and given a good shine, and the imitation fur collar, evidently added to her fall furless coat. She sees, too, that the girl looks up and down the street as if hoping that none of her friends will come along, and catch her talking to a Gypsy. Quickly Delenda adds, "But come on inside. There's no use having everybody know your business."

She says it in almost a whisper, and very confidentially. She pulls the bright phrenology canvas aside, then, and gently pushes the Gaje forward into a small booth, hemmed in by orange, and red, and yellow striped curtains.

"Sit down there," she says, pointing to a chair near an unpainted table. She herself sits down in the other chair, opposite her customer. "And now, if you'll take your hat off—"

New York doesn't approve of palmistry, so Delenda tells fortunes by the head. What does the method matter? If Gajos only knew it, fortune-telling is mostly a putting together of their own words, and the way they behave.

SEATED, and hat off, the girl asks, "Can you tell if a journey would be lucky—if I took it?"

Delenda pretends to examine the girl's head, but she is really staring into her face, hoping for suggestions of an answer there. Nothing but anxiety, though, so far.

"A journey!" she says, finally. "Well, now, maybe there's not going to be a journey!" This is merely to set the girl talking, and is provoked by her saying, "if I took the journey!" Delenda scrutinizes the Gaje's face closely and, after a while, she adds, "There may not be a journey, *even though you've the money to pay for it!*"

Ah, the customer is nodding. She does have money enough. "And why not spend some of it for a fortune instead of on a trip?" Delenda is thinking. But aloud she says, "You'd better think the trip over. There's trouble ahead, and—"

The girl leans forward and her lips move, although no sound comes. The other, however, reads, "My folks!" upon them.

Now the Gypsy is puckering up her own lips, cocking her head to one side thoughtfully. She is frowning a little, even gasping, as if she has discovered something in the Gaje's head she doesn't want to reveal. She sees curiosity in the girl's face.

"Oh, but I couldn't tell you all for fifty cents!" she says, in a low voice.

The girl offers a dollar, but Delenda asks ten.

"I could pay a dollar and a half, maybe," says the girl. The Gypsy is offended. She almost refuses to go on with the fortune at any price.

"Well, I couldn't pay more than two dollars," says the girl.

In the end, however, the fortune-teller gets the ten dollars she has asked, and she immediately proceeds to discourage the trip, having found out that the Gaje has hoped to run away to Pennsylvania and live with her married sister, who

won't make her study her high school lessons as much as her parents do. Delenda has discovered, of course, that the girl's parents would put a stop to the trip in a moment if they found it out. And what Gypsy wants to advise a trip when it will only get her into trouble if the girl tells? Much better to discourage the trip, and take the train fare for the advice.

After the customer leaves, Delenda pulls aside one of the bright curtains at the back of the booth, and steps into her present home. Yesterday it was only a vacant store room, but now it houses a family of fourteen Gypsies, a chicken, and a stray brown dog. The furniture consists of feather mattresses covered with red calico, and strewn upon the floor in various heaps; one low stool; a stove upon which a kettle of pork and sage is stewing; and china dishes and a carved silver platter upon a shelf.

Old Nareli sits alone in the center of the room, upon the rugless floor. She is smoking a blackthorn pipe, and unstringing a chain of red beads which Delenda knows she intends to sell as charms.

The young Gypsy holds up the ten dollar bill, saying, "The foolish Gaje decided not to take the trip!"

Delenda and Nareli are only two of the thirty thousand or more Gypsies who actually spend the winter under New York City roofs, trying, by telling fortunes and the sale of dream books and beads, to make enough to pay for next summer's traveling on the roads. Delenda and her family will stay in the store-room for a month or so, perhaps. Then, when business becomes dull, or when the neighborhood Gajos turn too suspicious, they will move on to another locality. The frequent moving doesn't bother them at all. They've been at it all their lives.

At the moment, perhaps, Delenda's cousin Bella, up on One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street, is working a cure for a Negro child who has a sore throat. Down on Mulberry Street, two of Delenda's aunts are weighting their many skirt pockets with coins people have paid them to ward off disease with their charms. All over New York City, in fact, relatives and friends are scattered. The Gypsies know better than to settle in too large numbers in one place. They know, from experience, that Gajos will tolerate a few of them, while many would arouse suspicion. And where there is suspicion, how can there be good business?

AMONG New York City's thirty thousand wintering Gypsies are various tribes, various nationalities. Some are Russian Gypsies, some are English, some are Roumanian, but no matter what kind they are, they have a common language called Romani. Down through the ages they have preserved it, and they have done their best to keep outsiders from learning it. Although they adopt the language of the countries through which they travel, there is always Romani which they can speak among themselves. It unites them, and brings friends to them everywhere.

Of course some of the people who are called Gypsies

Four Times Three Wishes

By DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

I like to imagine what I should say
If ever the chance should come my way,
Like the girl in the story, to choose
three things

Out of each season's offerings.

I'd ask of Spring a hill and a hollow,
A foot-free friend, and a road to follow;
Summer might give me a sunlit sea,
A ship, and a friend to sail with me.

I'd ask of Autumn the pungent thrill
Of camp-fire smoke at the top of a hill,
A sunset gloriously out-rolled,
And a friend's hair catching the
firelight's gold.

And the Winter gifts I'd like the most
Are a friend, a book, and cinnamon toast—
But why am I wishing a "let's pretend?"
It is four times granted—I *have* a friend!

aren't Gypsies at all, but only wanderers who have adopted a Romany mode of life on the roads. True Gypsies let them alone, having the greatest contempt for them.

Money, or no money, in their pockets, Gypsies are seldom downcast. For if one has not enough to buy food for himself, there is generally another who will share. And there are few persons more generous than a Gypsy among his own people.

News travels like magic among Gypsies. Taimi, for instance, having got hold of some money unexpectedly, wants to celebrate by giving a party down on the lower East Side.

*Illustrations by
F. Luis Mora*

the room. Taimi's daughters have cleared the floor of the red feather mattresses, and have brought out the fancy china used for such feasts, and the two big copper trays which they've carried with them all over

Europe and America.

As the guests arrive, they seat themselves in a large circle around a lace tablecloth which Taimi's wife has spread upon the floor. Cross-legged, they sit there, laughing, joking, telling the news of various districts, warning against doing business in this or that locality, and advising business in more friendly neighborhoods.



FINALLY THE KETTLE OF CHICKEN IS READY, AND TAIMI'S WIFE POURS THE FOOD OUT UPON THE TRAYS

He doesn't exactly invite anybody, but he knows there'll be guests. His friends up on One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street hear of it, and feel free to drop in. His kin down near the Battery hear of it, too, take a little journey that evening, and arrive in twos and threes at Taimi's large, barely furnished quarters. Although it is February and cold, the women wear no coats. They may have two or three extra petticoats under their wide, ankle-length skirts, or an extra shawl about the shoulders, but they are generally stockingless, and always hatless. The children have few clothes upon their backs, but seem none the worse for it. Only little Bosko has a cold and that, everyone believes, came because a teacher in one of the schools put long underwear on him. Bosko arrives at the party wearing a string of onions about his neck. The onions bring tears to his eyes, but they should cure the head cold.

Taimi's wife has cooked a huge kettle of chicken and green peppers and potatoes on the coal stove at the back of

Finally the kettle of chicken is ready. Taimi's wife pours the food out upon the trays, and the guests serve themselves on the china plates. Then, hungrily, they eat, fingers and pieces of bread serving as forks and knives. Taimi passes a jug of wine about the circle. Everybody drinks from it.

After the food is eaten, one of the old women tells a tale. Then another tells one. Then Feli picks up his violin and tunes it, and begins an old Romany song that wails, and weeps, and laughs at the same time, as it used to when the Gypsies were gathered around their camp fires last summer. And the wind, and the rain, and the sun, and the tents and caravans come back to these people who belong somewhere else than under a roof in New York City.

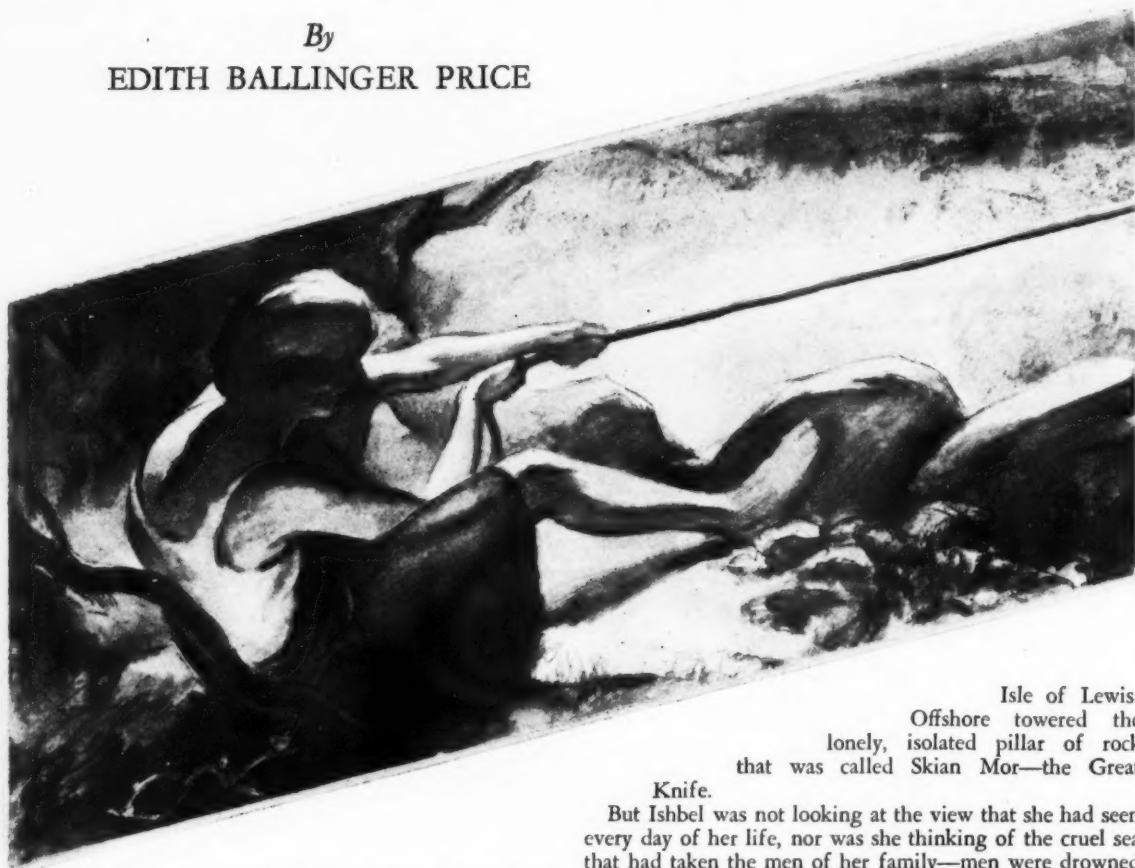
Delenda is scrambling to her feet, now. She is dancing. Then the circle of Gypsies begins swaying, singing, to the music from Feli's instrument, and the various tambourines which have suddenly appeared. It is as if there were no roof above them, as if they were once (Continued on page 40)

Two Trefoils

Ruth was an American Girl Scout, and Ishbel was a Scottish Guide, but they understood each other in spite of the ocean that rolled between their homes

By

EDITH BALLINGER PRICE



Isle of Lewis.
Offshore towered the
lonely, isolated pillar of rock
that was called Skian Mor—the Great
Knife.

ISHBEL MACKAY set down her creel beside the peat stack, and then straightened to look about her. Behind her stood her own house—a long, low, thick-walled dwelling built of whitewashed stone, chinked with turf and roofed with heavy thatch. Under the beetling eyebrows of the thatch, two tiny windows peered like dim eyes. Blue peat smoke sifted out through the half open door, for there was no chimney. The smoke, smelling keenly and pungently as peat-reek does smell, drifted away over the immense sweep of lonely moorland. Down there in the hollow was the handful of other stone houses that made up the tiny village of Invercashy; above them the dun moor climbed sharply, to lose itself in the purple foothills of Ben Craggan, where a rain cloud had come down like a gray veil. Before her, Ishbel could see the vast and desolate ocean that washed with its cold, rough tides this far northwestern coast of Scotland. That sea had taken her father and her grandfather in the one day, leaving the little stone house with no man in it—nobody but an old, old widow-woman, and a younger widow-woman, and the girl that was Ishbel. Far off, across that stern gray water, lifted the shadow shape of the Long

But Ishbel was not looking at the view that she had seen every day of her life, nor was she thinking of the cruel sea that had taken the men of her family—men were drowned at the fishing sadly often in this place, and the Mackay menfolk had perished before she could remember. She was wondering whether the shower would come down from the head of Ben Craggan, and wrap itself about the moorland and wet her as she walked to Kinlochan that afternoon. She took another look at the top of the mountain, where the mist was now blowing out in white threads, decided that it wouldn't rain, and began filling her creel with the dark, crumbly slabs of black peat from the high-piled stack. Ewen Mackinnon and Dermid Murray had come up to help them with the peat cutting this season, so there was a fine big stack to keep the cold away from the little stone house with only three womenfolk in it.

Ishbel shouldered the creel and stepped back to the house. The wooden door opened directly into the byre—but there was no cow there, for the cow had taken it into her head to die on them three years back, and there was no money to buy another. A second door led from the empty byre into the principal room of the house—a long, dark room with an earthen floor, and a few benches, and a deal table. On a dresser in the corner the Mackay collection of dishes and crockery sparkled proudly; there was no other ornament

*Illustrations by
Harvé Stein*



THERE WAS NO SOUND BUT THE
GASPING OF BOTH GIRLS, AS ISHBEL
PULLED WITH ALL HER STRENGTH

in the room. Emptying her creel in the corner, Ishbel brought two squares of peat to feed the waning fire. The fire burned in a circular hollow in the middle of the floor, and it was never extinguished—"smooored" with ashes at night, but alive under them in the morning. The smoke hung blue among the blackened rafters, and clung to the long, iron chain and rattle-tree which came down from the beams above and supported a sooty kettle above the peat-fire flame.

Ishbel went into the cabin's only other room, where the two box-beds and the big chests stood, and brought a basin to the fire. She filled it with hot water from the kettle, and carried it back to the sleeping-room. She pulled off her faded jersey and frayed skirt, and scrubbed her face and arms till her clear skin glowed as if a light were under the firmness of it. She brushed her curly chestnut hair until it shone even in the dark room, and fastened it back with a blue tape. Then she took her best dark red woolen jersey and her brown woolen skirt out of the smaller of the two chests. The Widow Mackay, her mother, looked in at the door, and the Widow Murray, her grandmother, stirred among her shawls beside the fire and peered forward as well.

"Where will you be off to the day in your fine clothes?" Mrs. Mackay inquired. She spoke in the Gaelic, for it was the only language the old grandmother understood. Mrs. Mackay herself had so little English that there was no sense in trying to speak it among themselves.

Ishbel had plenty of English, from the school at Clachmore, but she had plenty of Gaelic, too, and she answered her mother in it.

"I will be away to Kinlochan to the meeting."

The Widow Mackay shrugged her shoulders, but she smiled, too.

"I'm thinking it is a fine long walk you will be taking for that meeting," she commented, "for any good you are getting from it."

"I will be taking longer walks for less good," said Ishbel stoutly, rubbing her thick boots with a clout. "Coursing on the hills, and traveling to the peat cutting, and following the cattle that are belonging to somebody else—and none of it for more good and pleasure than the meeting."

"You're a good girl, Ishbel, and I'm not grudging you any meeting whatever," Widow Mackay said, patting her daughter's shoulder.

ISHBEL fastened into the collar of her dark red jersey a small, brass brooch that was shaped like a clover leaf, with a star above it, and a scroll beneath it, and the letters G. G. on its outspread trefoil. It was a very cheap little brass pin, but she touched it as if it were set all over with diamonds. As she passed through the outer room, the grandmother nodded her fine old head in its white mutch, and shuffled her rheumatic old feet in their large carpet-slippers, sighing out a pious Gaelic blessing on the sturdy, fresh-faced, young granddaughter who was the joy of her life.

"Och ay, light of my heart," she breathed. "Blessed is the threshold that has you to step over it, and blessed your coming in and your going out, light of my heart—och ha!"

Ishbel glanced again at the mists settling over Ben Craggan, and took the long, white track to Kinlochan. This was five good Scottish miles—far beyond Clachmore, where she went to school when she could be spared from the potato hoeing, and the herding on the hills. She reached Clachmore in no time, it seemed—little Clachmore (yet bigger than Invercashy), strung the length of a small glen between the foothills of Ben Craggan on the one side, and the foothills of Ben Crach on the other. She smiled at the little stone schoolhouse and the little stone kirk, and she cried out greetings to the people she met on the one straggling lane that ran between the little stone houses. She met Ewen Mackinnon, and greeted him.

"Away to your meeting?" he inquired, speaking in English, as all the young folk did.

"Ay," said Ishbel. "I'm hasting, too."

"A Gairl Guide is no late," he said, in a quoting school voice.

"That'll no be in the Laws," Ishbel laughed, "but it'll be fitting in fine with a Gairl Guide being courteous."

"Ah—that'll be why you're giving me such a courteous greeting, and you hasting through Clachmore as if the stones wis hot?" Ewen asked.

"Get on with you!" Ishbel laughed.

She hurried along, thinking of how funny Ewen was, and how kind—coming and helping them with the peat harvest; but mostly thinking of the Girl Guide meeting ahead of her. That wonderful weekly afternoon in Kinlochran! Miss Forbes, the minister's daughter, so trim in her Captain's uniform of dark blue; the games, the work, the jolly comradeship with girls from Kinlochran, and Tirry, and Ordmore. The *something*, almost sacred, that could be carried away—back to that dark little room in the black-house on the desolate moor; something that was typified by the trefoil brooch on her jersey. She fingered it to be sure it was still there,

and slowed a little for the long pull over the crest of Benvegan. Below in the valley lay Kinlochran, with smoke rising from its stone chimneys, and the fitful sun glancing on Loch Lochan at its feet. Ishbel ran all the rest of the way, but she was not fleet enough to outstrip a smart shower which followed her down from the brow of Benvegan, overtook her, and doused her briefly. She had providently brought along a plaid, so that underneath she was no wetter than was to be expected almost any day in the northwestern Highlands.

Glowing and breathless, she ran up the steps of the little parish hall next the kirk, where meetings were held, only to find it deserted. She counted up the days; this was a Tuesday, she knew. Bewildered and disappointed, she sat down in the corner, half hoping to see the bare hall suddenly peopled with the busy and cheerful members of the First Kinlochran Company. At last she went to the manse, and was told by the minister's serving-lass that Miss Forbes was sick abed, and sair fashed and disappointit. She explained that Ishbel lived too far to be told that no meeting would be held that day. It was certainly Ishbel's turn to be sair fashed and disappointit. She wandered slowly along the trim, bleak, gray street of Kinlochran, not even daring to

look into the windows of its three shops for fear she should be tempted to spend the penny she had brought for the meeting.

As she wandered thus, swept with a desolate sense of frustration and unfulfillment, a door flew open, and from one of the respectable, ugly stone houses a tall, ruddy, handsome woman came running, all smiles and beckoning gestures. This was a distant kinswoman, Mrs. Norman Murray. They were rather "fine" people, the Murrays, and Ishbel would hardly have dared call unannounced and uninvited.

But Cousin Mairi Murray was bursting with hospitality.

"Iseabal MacAoidh!" she cried, using the Gaelic way of it, and then switching to English. "You're a welcome sight indeed! Come away in—you're as wet as a trout, as it is—come away to the fire, and the tea we're having. And you'll be saving my life, for I've a lass in there is longing her heart out to see you."

"To see *me*, Cousin Mairi?"

Ishbel wondered. "How can that be, when I'm not knowing her?"

"It's an American gairl," Mrs. Norman Murray



WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, RUTH HAD HER TEA BY THE PEAT-FIRE IN THE WIDOW MAC-KAY'S STONE HOUSE

explained hastily as she led Ishbel up the steps. "They're folk that your Cousin Norman met in Inverness, and they're stopping now with us, so the gentleman will get a few trout out of the loch. It seems the lass is what they call a Gairl Scout—the same thing as the Guides, you ken, Ishbel—and she's longing to speak with a Gairl Guide, the way she'll no have met a live one to this moment, it seems."

To be fetched in as a live Girl Guide, and presented to a lass whom she half expected to see in war-paint and feathers, had the effect of completely paralyzing Ishbel. She peered anxiously into the stuffy cosiness of Cousin Mairi's parlor, and saw a girl sitting beside the peat fire that burned in the grate, balancing a tea-cup on her knee. She was a girl of about Ishbel's age, fair-skinned and bright-haired like Ishbel herself, and also dressed in a jersey and skirt that, disappointingly, had no feathers, nor beads, nor war-paint about them.

"Well, here's your Gairl Guide, Ruth," cried Mrs. Murray heartily. "I caught her for you, (Continued on page 37)

Wake Up!

Lucie was a spoiled child, so her cousins thought, but she found that it wasn't any fun staying that way

WHEN you go to Southern France and visit the old city of Montpellier, do not be satisfied

By
HELEN COALE CREW

with merely going to see the University, the museum, the various statues which adorn the city, and the Rag Fair—all that is left of the famous Medieval Fair of Montpellier. But do go up the Rue Nationale to the beautiful Promenade du Peyrou, then turn to the right until you reach the Jardin des Plantes. On the corner opposite you will find a modest café with iron tables on the sidewalk before the door under a gay awning, and a painted sign showing a bright blue sheep in a green meadow. The café is called *Le Mouton Bleu*, and its proprietor, Monsieur Jules Rouget, will doubtless be standing at the door. If you hesitate a single moment, he will smilingly wave you to one of the tables, and call in at the door, "Lucie! Hither, my child," and out will come the most adorable little waitress in the world to take your order.

"Chocolat, Mademoiselle?" she will ask, standing at attention. And although you may never drink chocolate at home, you will do so now because of the bright young face she turns upon you. When she goes within to fill your order Monsieur Jules will, if he is in the proper mood, tell you something about his charming niece.

"You would not believe, would you, Mademoiselle, that only a few months ago our Lucie was pining away?" No, you could not, indeed, believe that, and you listen with interest. But Monsieur Jules will not tell you the whole story—no, indeed. There is a part of it which he has his own reasons for keeping to himself. For he adores his niece, and part of the story is not much to her credit.

Lucie's father, it seems, was a most excellent pastry-cook, and had a modest shop in Lyons. But when, through the influence of a friend, he had the opportunity to become pastry-cook in one of the big hotels in New York, he accepted the offer. Lucie's father is even now, of a surety, delighting New York with those delicate *pâtisseries* that are a sort of cross between cake and pie-crust, says Uncle Jules, and Lucie's mother is preparing a home in the big American city with an eye (first of all) to the comfort of her daughter.

For Lucie, an only child, and always ailing, had been left behind, of necessity, until her parents could establish their new home in America. And so a letter had been despatched to Uncle Jules and Aunt Ophelie. Would they take Lucie for a few months?

Indeed, they would be delighted. For while they had two sons, they had always wanted a daughter. They had not seen Lucie for some years, but Madame Rouget thought she would be a delightful companion for her boys.

And now comes the part of the story which Uncle Jules will not mention. For Lucie there was no charm in this arrangement. At twelve she had

had an illness from which she had purposely never recovered. It was pleasant to be pampered and waited upon. How could she be sure that at Aunt Ophelie's home she *would* be pampered and waited upon? This unpleasant uncertainty made her feel terribly homesick. She talked a great deal of her dread of "those awful boys." All boys, according to Lucie, were rough and rude.

"But," said her mother more than once, endeavoring to wheedle the spoiled girl into a better view of things, "your aunt and uncle quite adore you."

"But I may not adore them," objected Lucie.

"And I feel sure," went on her mother, "that Roger and Emile will be pleased to amuse you and wait upon you."

"Pouf!" cried Lucie, blowing away the very thought of Roger and Emile as the wind would blow away a couple of feathers. The more she thought of being separated from her accustomed comforts, even temporarily, the more doleful she became. And what had started with pouting and ill temper speedily developed



IT WAS THE LITTLE SIX-YEAR-OLD'S BECKONING HANDS AND LAUGHING FACE THAT FINALLY DREW LUCIE INTO THE CHILLY WATER

Illustrations
by
Vere Clere

into hysterics and even fainting spells. Her good parents, who were committed to the new venture, were at their wits' end. But at the last Lucie yielded, as indeed there was nothing else to do.

Her cousins in Montpellier knew nothing of this. Every member of the family was enchanted at the prospect of Cousin Lucie's visit. Roger and Emile, who pictured their cousin as a hearty lass who would be a real adjunct to their games, actually counted the days until her coming. Madame Rouget herself went

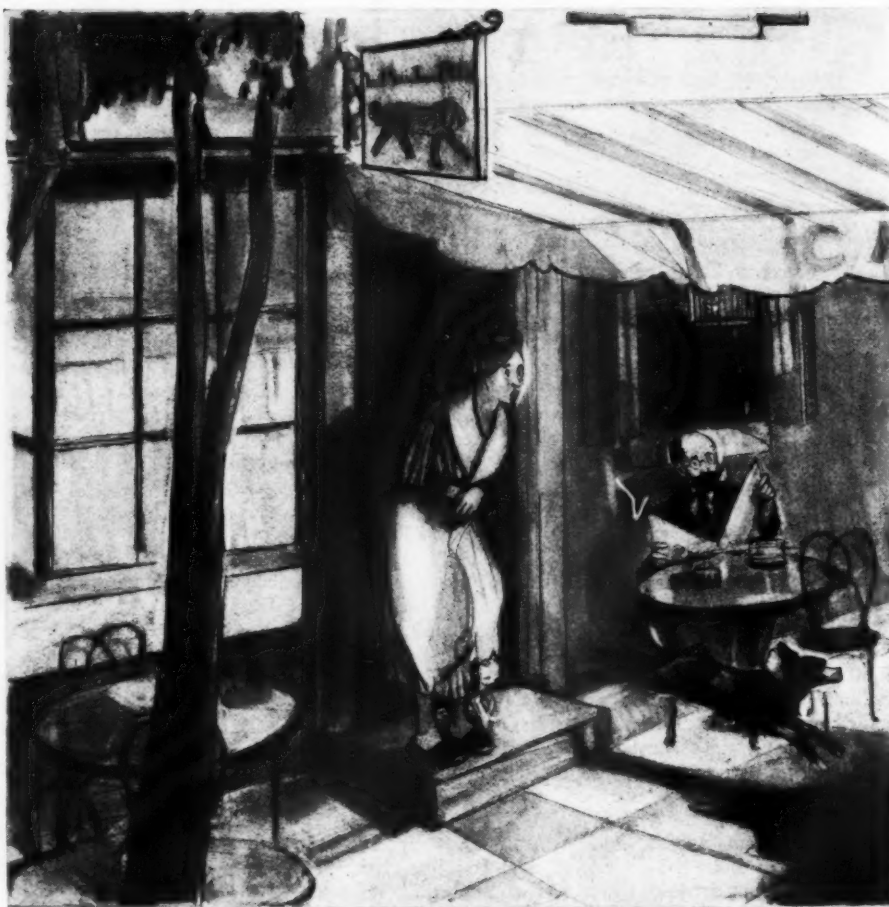
up to Lyons to fetch her niece. Filomene, the brawny-armed maid-of-all-work, prepared a room for Lucie, hanging fresh curtains and putting her own bottle of eau de Cologne on the bureau. Roger and Emile contributed each a book, placing them on the reading table beside the bed. Roger contributed his favorite Jules Verne's *A Trip to the Moon*, and Emile a volume of *Aesop's Fables* in Latin. He himself had shed tears at school over the Fables, but, on the whole, he thought his cousin would be cheered by the pictures, which almost told the stories without the words.

WHEN Madame Rouget reached Lyons and saw Lucie, she was quite taken aback. The quiet little schoolgirl she had seen on her last visit had become a petulant, dissatisfied girl of sixteen whom nothing pleased. And yet, thought her aunt, her face would be pretty, with its intelligent dark eyes and quaint pointed chin, if only it could be animated with a genuine interest.

"Do you think you can keep her comfortable and contented?" asked Lucie's mother anxiously.

"We shall see," said Lucie's aunt rather firmly. Already she had plans. Contented? *Chut!* She would see to it that the boys kept Lucie stirred up.

Fortunately Lucie could not read her aunt's mind, and so, after seeing her parents off at the railway depot—a stormy event in which she sobbed aloud, and finally subsided in a fainting spell—the girl and her aunt took another train, and rode southward along the Rhone River, a silver stream in a wide and peaceful valley. Through a hundred and sixty miles—the girl white-cheeked, and drooping upon the shoulder of her aunt—they went southward, through vine-



yards being pruned, through tender young leafage on gnarled old olive trees, through orchards and fields of springing grain. Through ancient ruins, too, left from feudal days, and now crumbling into dust. On and on, through riverside towns, and by the great towers of the Palace of the Popes at Avignon. On and on, by the twin cities of Tarascon and Beaucaire tied together by a great bridge across the river. And at last, leaving the river to strike southwestward, they came to Montpellier, basking in the mild March sun.

When the hour arrived, Monsieur Jules went down to the station to meet his wife and niece; Roger and Emile ran down the Rue Nationale to the Rue de la Loge to watch for the ancient, shabby cab, while Filomene divided her time between serving the customers in the café, attending to the family dinner, and looking out the door. Patou, the dog, had had a bath and a fresh ribbon on his collar; and Matou, the cat, had spent the entire morning—when she wasn't watching the sparrows—licking down her fur into velvety sleekness. Pipi, the canary, had a fresh lettuce leaf stuck into the bars of his cage. All was in readiness. You would have thought that the Queen of the Cannibal Islands, at the very least, was due to arrive!

FINALLY the cab drove up to the door of Le Mouton Bleu, and there was Uncle Jules lifting out in his arms the most forlorn looking object you ever saw; there was Aunt Ophelie giving Filomene orders to put hot bricks into Mademoiselle Lucie's bed; there was Filomene pulling down the blinds and shutting out the cheerful sun; there was Uncle Jules squeaking about on his toes and shouting, "Silence, *s'il vous plaît!*" and Roger and Emile peeking into Lucie's



THERE WAS UNCLE JULES LIFTING OUT THE MOST FORLORN LOOKING OBJECT YOU EVER SAW. SAPRISTI, WHAT A POOR KIND OF COUSIN WAS THIS!

I will buy you a bicycle tomorrow."

"Oh no, Uncle, if you please! I do not wish to ride a bicycle."

"Well, you can take walks, can't you?" asked Roger. "I'll take you all through the Jardin des Plantes tomorrow."

"Please, no!" said Lucie, distressed.

"Well, then," said Emile, staring at her, "what *can* you do? Of a truth, you must be able to do *something*!"

Lucie's cheeks reddened, and she sat up straighter.

"Of a certainty I can do something,"

room and seeing a thin, pale face on the pillow. What sort of a cousin was this? *Sapristi!* A very poor kind indeed!

The very next day good old Doctor Faure came and, sitting by Lucie's bed, took her thin wrist in his great hand, and did not find enough pulse to indicate a really self-respecting heart.

"Doctor," said Aunt Ophelie, "the poor child is not any too well, and has been newly deprived of her parents who have just sailed for America."

Doctor Faure scowled at Madame and said, "You encourage her? Very well, then, she will be newly buried some time next month!"

Here Lucie sat up suddenly.

"I do not wish to be buried!" she said.

"Very well, then," said Doctor Faure, scowling at her. "Get up, and busy yourself! Do something! Sweep your room! Cook the dinner! Be of some use in the world, or you might just as well be buried. And mind, if you do not look better tomorrow . . ." He did not finish the threat, but rose up, clapped on his hat, and departed.

Lucie got up meekly, but went about the house like a pale ghost. Roger and Emile, sitting opposite to her at the table that evening, stared at her in astonishment. She refused the good soup and the excellent omelette, and only nibbled at the delicate, spicy cake that Filomene had made particularly for her.

"There must be something wrong about you, Cousin," said Emile, his eyes sober above his red cheeks. "Look you, I eat well, and thus I am very strong. Can you play tennis?"

"It would make me too tired," said Lucie.

"Or ride a bicycle?" asked Uncle Jules. "My dear child,

she said tartly. "I can swim very well. Or at least I could when I was younger. I had lessons in swimming when I was a child like you."

Here it was Emile's turn to redden and sit up straight. He also became a little tart. Who indeed wouldn't on being called a child, when he was all of thirteen?

"I could pick you up and carry you on one arm, all the way from here to the Peyrou and back," he said. This time he not so much stared, as glared, at her. She promptly burst into tears. Aunt Ophelie rose and led the girl upstairs, and put her to bed.

TUT, tut!" said Uncle Jules. "A man doesn't treat a weak girl in that fashion."

"Why should she be weak?" asked Emile. "Hasn't she got a skeleton to lean on, and muscles to move it around with?"

"Me," said Roger disgustedly, "she makes me tired. I vote we send her back to Lyons."

"Tut, tut!" said their father. "You lads go about your business. I'll look after Lucie."

The next day, Uncle Jules wheedled his niece out for a walk. Oh, to be sure, a walk of the very shortest! Just across the street into the beautifully kept Jardin des Plantes, to see the budding of the trees and flowers. It was March, and March in the Midi, as the French people call the southern part of their country, is as much of a miracle as May is in chilly Paris, where the leaves come out tentatively, and look very much inclined not to stay out at all. But here in Montpellier the loveliness of the spring burgeoning came with a rush.

Each morning Uncle Jules coaxed Lucie a little further,

now to see a certain statue, now to the museum, now to see the great cedar of Lebanon in a little park of its own, brought there a century ago. Lucie looked languidly upon most of these things, but the cedar did arouse her interest a bit. She stood by its tall, straight trunk and looked up at the closely-woven green roof above her, that even the noon sun of the Midi could not pierce with its rays.

"Hark!" she said.

High above their heads the March wind was making a faint *sushynus*, a delicate murmur, in those strong green branches.

"Uncle Jules," sighed Lucie, "that sounds like the sea. I wish I might behold the sea again."

Uncle Jules smiled to himself, but he said only, "We will go up to the Peyrou tomorrow."

The next day was Sunday, and the whole family, including Filomene, set forth, after having closed the café, and walked the few blocks to that highest point of the city that has been made into a promenade, with flower beds, and statues, and shade trees. On the many benches sat nurses and children, soldiers on furlough, old men and women, gay girls chattering together, and whole families with their diners in baskets. The Peyrou is like a great ship's prow, cleaving its way across the plain, while down below, the white blossoms of quince trees ripple like sea foam at the prow's lip. Standing there upon the deck, one can look over a great expanse as far as—but wait a minute! Let Lucie discover that for herself.

She did discover it, but not at once. Her eyes looked idly down at the smiling Southern countryside, new-planted in wheat and barley. Long white roads crossed it, this way and that, one to Avignon, another to the fairyland of Carcassonne. Silver rivers flowed placidly through sunny fields between lines of gnarled olive trees; and up the slopes of gentle hills, orchards of quince, and pear, and fig, ran like an incoming tide. And on the far horizon—yes, now she sees it!—a narrow line of vivid blue ran, like a blue wall lifted into the sky.

LUCIE seized Uncle Jules by the arm.

"Uncle! Is it the sea?"

"Of a surety," said Uncle Jules. "It is the Mediterranean."

Lucie's eyes began to sparkle, and in her pale cheeks a bit of rosy color spread. She lifted both arms high above her head, and so stood, looking at the loveliest blue ribbon in the whole wide world. When her arms fell to her sides again, she sighed and said, "But I cannot hear it."

It was on the following morning that Doctor Faure said to Monsieur and Madame Rouget that, as Lucie was so fond of the sea, it would benefit her to go to the seashore for a week or two—perhaps to Certe, or Marseilles, but better to Nice, or Mentone on that beautiful stretch of coast that is known as the Riviera. And it was that evening that Monsieur and Madame sat up late to discuss ways and means. At length they decided that they must give Lucie the chance. With a bit of pinching here and there, it would be possible for Aunt Ophelie and Lucie to go to Mentone, where a cousin had a modest *pension* up the hill behind one of the great

hotels along the beach. Cousin Pierre and Cousin Lisette would surely give them an attic room for a small sum.

"To be sure, to be sure!" said Uncle Jules, staring with his mind's eye at the sacrifices he was about to make. "We will give Lucie a chance. Perhaps you will bring her home again rosy and active, as a girl of her age should be. Who knows?"

Aunt Ophelie sighed. "Who knows?" she echoed.

THAT sly Uncle Jules! Even as he spoke, he had thought of a plan for startling Lucie out of her languor, and the very next day but one he put it into practice. Uncle Jules had three customers who dropped into *Le Mouton Bleu* daily at noon for a cup of *café au lait*, and an omelette made by Filomene's skillful hands. These were Monsieur Panton, the lawyer, with his bag of legal papers; Monsieur Gastonnet, the policeman on the Peyrou beat, natty in his neat, dark-blue uniform; and Professor Fremiet, in his shabby coat, and with his detached air and his courteous manners. To these he

confided Lucie's trouble, and the four laid a plan for giving her a good shaking up. For a couple of weeks, she had been helping in the café at noon, taking orders and fetching trays. But how listless she was! How her feet dragged!

One day, however, as she stood by Monsieur Panton, shoulders drooping, face at inattention, she was suddenly aroused.

"WAKE UP!" shouted Monsieur Panton, beating on the table until the salt and

pepper cellars danced a jig. Lucie, too, for a brief moment of astonishment, danced a jig. Then, her face wiped clean of inattention and filled with terror, she fled.

On the very next day, as she carried a tray to Monsieur Gastonnet, he, too, banged on the table with his huge fist and shouted, "WAKE UP!"

Lucie promptly dropped the tray, and a beautiful, puffy cheese soufflé, made with care and cunning by Filomene, went to the floor, while a cup of delicious coffee, black and sweet according to the taste of the Midi, splashed upon the table.

The next day Lucie was certainly awake, for she moved about with extreme caution. If she was going to be made to jump, she wished to be ready to jump. Monsieur Fremiet, however, being a professor, quite forgot to take his turn at startling Lucie into life.

"I could have told you beforehand, my friend," he said to Uncle Jules, "that such a plan would not be permanently successful. The girl must wake herself up, *n'est-ce pas?*"

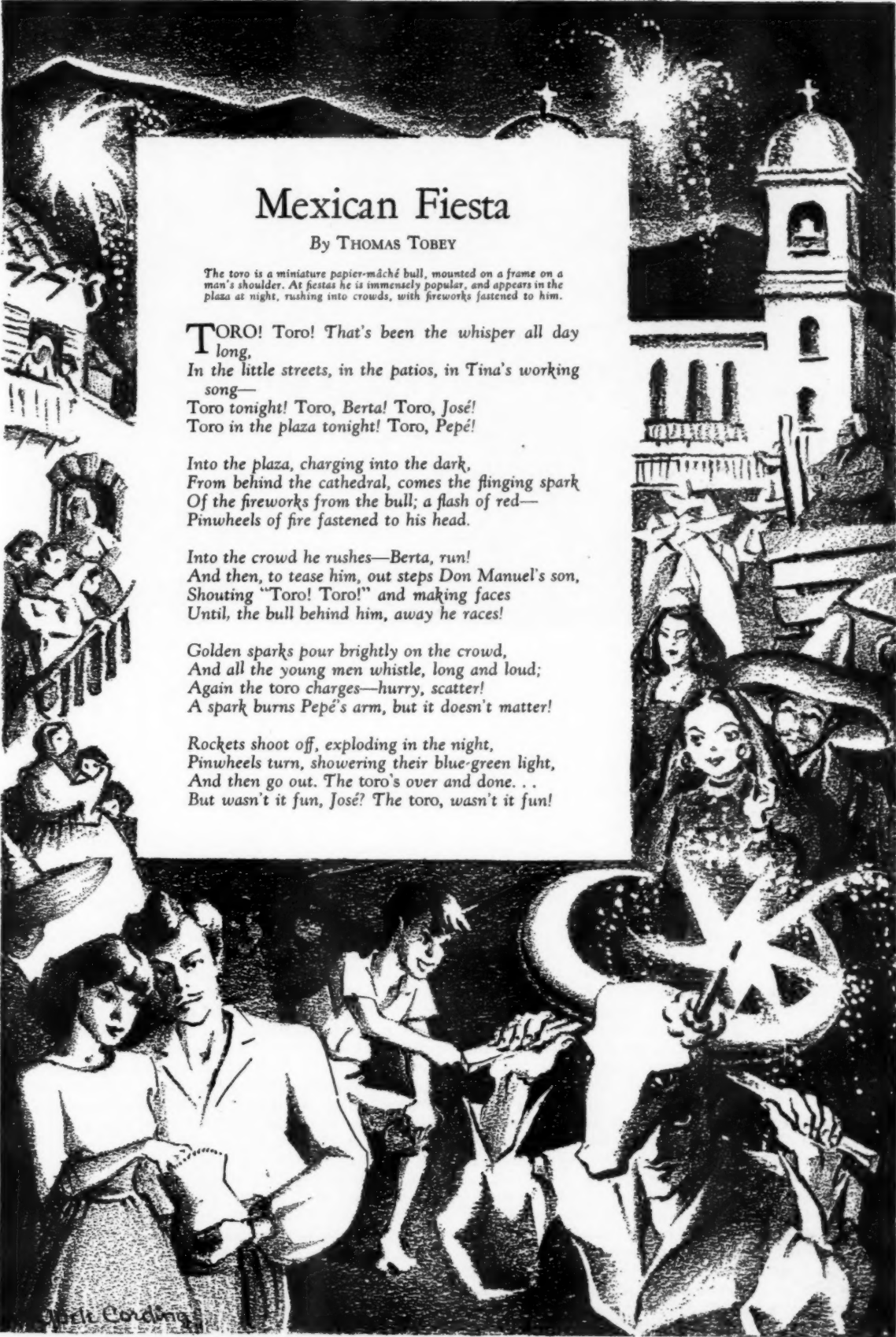
With this Aunt Ophelie agreed, and set an early date for her departure with Lucie for Mentone.

"You and Filomene must get along for a fortnight the best you can," she said to Uncle Jules. "See that Filomene does not waste the sugar, and that Patou and Matou are fed properly every day. And oo-o-o, la, la! Do not forget Pipi! As to the boys, they can take care of themselves."

Thus, one lovely May day, Aunt Ophelie and Lucie took an all-day journey from Montpellier to Marseilles, and from Marseilles to Mentone. Lucie's pale face was framed in the car window; not the window that looked out upon the hill-sides of the Riviera, sloping upwards from the sea, where orange and lemon groves flourish. (Continued on page 44)



PICTURE TO YOURSELF WHETHER HE WAS ASTONISHED AT LUCIE'S PRANK!



Mexican Fiesta

By THOMAS TOBEY

The toro is a miniature papier-mâché bull, mounted on a frame on a man's shoulder. At fiestas he is immensely popular, and appears in the plaza at night, rushing into crowds, with fireworks fastened to him.

TORO! Toro! That's been the whisper all day long,
In the little streets, in the patios, in Tina's working song—
Toro tonight! Toro, Berta! Toro, José!
Toro in the plaza tonight! Toro, Pepé!

Into the plaza, charging into the dark,
From behind the cathedral, comes the flinging spark
Of the fireworks from the bull; a flash of red—
Pinwheels of fire fastened to his head.

Into the crowd he rushes—Berta, run!
And then, to tease him, out steps Don Manuel's son,
Shouting "Toro! Toro!" and making faces
Until, the bull behind him, away he races!

Golden sparks pour brightly on the crowd,
And all the young men whistle, long and loud;
Again the toro charges—hurry, scatter!
A spark burns Pepé's arm, but it doesn't matter!

Rockets shoot off, exploding in the night,
Pinwheels turn, showering their blue-green light,
And then go out. The toro's over and done. . .
But wasn't it fun, José? The toro, wasn't it fun!



By
PRINCESS
NATHALIE
TROUBETSKOY

A Day in

*A former Russian Princess tells of the days
was allowed to accompany*

I WANT to describe to you one of the many great days in my childhood, and though the title shows I mean to talk of work, you will see that play came into our working days at the right time, and that the work itself was full of pleasure. Perhaps the secret of real happiness lies in doing what we love, and can do best, for those we love best; and as we loved the land of our Ukraine very dearly, we welcomed harvest time though it meant hard work indeed.

It was a great treat for me to be allowed to have a whole day in the fields. Early, before sunrise, a light knocking on the wall would send me tumbling out of my dreams and to the window, my heart going pit-a-pat. Was I late, had Ganna called me before? But no, all was well, for as she threw open the heavy oaken shutters, only a faint pinkish-grey light came into the room. The sun was not up yet, and Ganna (called "the mouse" for her smallness and quickness) did look like an excited white mouse, bobbing up from the syringa bushes under my window.

Some clothes, quickly; a snow white, balloon-sleeved chemise, an old favorite jade-green skirt, short and wide as a dancer's, a flowered kerchief for my head, and a long coil of stiff crimson belting to coil around my waist into a high corselet. That would have to wait now; I lowered myself from the window—not that any doors were ever locked, but it felt better. Wow! the dewy grass was cold to my bare feet. Like thieves we crept past the sleeping big house, the drowsy

flower garden, the heavily laden apricot orchard, down to the park and the river.

The last moment before sunrise was silent and eerie, and we reached the steep, vine-covered tunnel that led to the waterside somewhat breathless and subdued. So thick were the old vines that even at midday the sun only brought spangles to the heavy, green darkness, and at night, or day-break, it was like going into a green dragon's mouth.

But at the other end were the happy river, the silver sands and wide-awake, busy people. Smoke was going up gaily from the beekeeper's white cottage on the bank, and old Pan-teimon himself was already busy among his busy bees, his rich, red beard bright and warm in the still, grey world; the sunflowers in his garden were twisting their long necks to face the rising sun, and down by the bathing hut sat Black Ivas, the smallest scullion, catching our breakfast.

What joy to dive into the swift, dark water from an overhanging branch of the willow tree, down, down, to the sandy bottom, through water so clear that we could see leaves and insects scudding past us on the surface many feet above. A good swim to the other side and back; then, glowing and gasping, we were out, dressed and running up the hill, Ivas in front of us, bare toes and silver fishes twinkling.

The world was awake now, rooks were cawing, doves



the Fields

*of her childhood when, as a great treat, she
the grain harvesters*

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

FRANZAR

DOBIAS

gurgling, the stork on top of the beekeeper's home standing on one red leg and sending out his echoing, clipped greeting to the new day. We stopped to fill our pockets and mouths with rosy apricots, to shake the water from our ears and fasten our crimson belts. The deep boom of a bell came faintly through a chorus of birds, frogs, insects, dropping fruit. The workers' breakfast bell. We ran on.

The big house still slept, but the housekeeper's quarters beyond were very much awake, and through wide open windows came suppressed laughter and chatter, the clanking of buckets, and the smell of hot bread. Dairy maids, balancing on their shoulders tall, black jugs full of new milk, walked in graceful procession to the ice house; and fat Melania, the servants' cook, was bustling round a well-laden table, her face as shiny, red and round as the sun itself. More porridge for Mr. Izaack, the head gardener, and a nice fat piece of bacon for Kiril, the carpenter, who looked so white in the mornings, and one of the Master's hot currant buns for Black Ivas, because he had caught such beautiful fish for the little lady's breakfast. Melania was enjoying herself. Ganna—who was thrilled to get away to the fields from her bed-making and dusting—and I had our breakfast in the warm, snug bakery, smelling of cakes and honey and cabbage roses. A basin of steaming Koolesh, or porridge, the crisp, sweet

fish, bread new and golden brown, a jug full of icy milk.

Again came the bell from the farm, calling the harvesters this time. We gulped the last mouthfuls, and flew across the kitchen gardens to the farmyard. Here horses were being harnessed to the reaping machines, and grey oxen yoked to the gigantic, red-wheeled farm wagons, where the field girls perched like gay butterflies, chaffing and teasing the farm hands. The foremen argued and puffed at their last pipes, while the younger men and lads were already disappearing down the highway, for they had to walk to the fields. The skilled workers had their fast ponies, while the girls, as sheaf binders and stackers, had time for an easy ride in the slow wagons.

GANNA and I joined a cart full of special cronies; a tiny boy, armed with half a lime tree, prodded the lazy, grey giants with a small brown foot, and we were off, swaying along the grey, soft road, nearly half a mile wide. Tall, gaunt poplars were guarding its distant edges; beyond those green and watchful candles lay an endless sweep of russet grain, joining the horizon without a break in either color or line. Between heaven and earth a lark was singing; the sky was of the hue of wild forget-me-nots.

Soon the singing of many scythes told us we were near the field chosen for the day's work. The grain near the edges, where it lay flat under its own weight, was being cut by

hand, and in a twinkling the girls were out of the wagons and falling in behind the reapers bending and rising.

Down to gather a big armful of rye, up to twist the straw binder, down to tie it round the grain, up to throw the sheaf aside, and down again; backbreaking, breathless work. When the machines arrived it was easier, for we had only to pick up ready-tied sheaves, and stack them into "*copas*" of sixty. But even this would seem difficult to city girls, for our Ukrainian rye stood well above human height, and the stacks had to be laid with great skill, to prevent damage by rain and wind.

The morning wore on; towards noon the heat was almost beyond our endurance. There is no way to explain the dry heat of the Steppes; it must be experienced to be understood, and I can only compare it to the heat of the desert, or of a deadly calm Southern sea. But we had to go on working at full speed, and though well used to it, at times we did not find it easy. By midday my hands were cut and blistered, but so numb that I could hardly feel any pain; and Ganna's, unhardened like mine by sculling and gardening, were even worse.

We looked longingly towards the shade of a huge green tarpaulin, stretched at the far end of the field, where some twenty cooks were cooking our dinner. Huge copper kettles were hanging on poles laid across a deep trench filled with burning straw, for coal was virtually unknown, and timber rare and expensive. Whole sides of bacon had been cut up for our *borsch*; thousands of carrots, turnips, onions and tomatoes, cartfuls of cabbage and sacks of potatoes went into the stew, as there were about four hundred people to feed. A wagon piled high with hot rye bread had just arrived; one of the cooks went round with a ladle the size of her head,

and a bucket of salt on her arm, tasting the *borsch*; little boys, in nothing but linen panties, shuffled the straw, their

brown bodies glistening like bronze in the sunlight. We could guess what was going into the pots, but there was not even a wisp of wind to bring us a whiff of the delicious food, or a breath of air for our baked backs.

Then at last a shrill whistle from the foreman told us it was dinner time. But, oh for some water, just a sip! We crowded round the pumpkin gourds and drank avidly but warily, for it was a long way to the village wells, and if the water gave out, there would be no time to fetch more. No time to wash, and no water to wash with either.

I managed to get some shade from a corn stack, while Ganna went for our food—a big bowl full of savory stew, a loaf of bread half a yard across, a basketful of plums. How could she carry it all? Both her hands were taken up with the steaming bowl so the fruit was tipped into a corner of her wide skirt, which she picked up with her teeth; the bread was balanced on her head. We all had our lacquered spoons and curved knives tucked into our belts. Parties of friends and families were doing the same as ourselves, scattering about the field. Girls and boys kept well apart, as this was not the time for flirting, or unnecessary talk. The basins empty, everybody cleaned the utensils on straw, and lay down for an hour's rest, and the eating of many plums.

At two o'clock the whistle sounded again; workers and beasts stretched stiff backs, shook sleepy heads, and once more we were bending, rising, hurrying.

Three o'clock, four, five! Then a ripple ran down the golden sea of grain; there came the singing of men, and the rumble of cart wheels from the road. And from a cloud of black dust appeared the white manes of horses, to us like angels' wings, for we knew what they brought—a big cartful of thirst-quenching watermelons from the *Bashtan*, or melon farm. Gerasim had brought them himself and was picking out a special one for me, his slim, brown fingers running over the green globes as if they were a keyboard. His Persian ancestry was obvious, though it was many generations ago that his people came to plant (Continued on page 42)

THE WAGONS WERE FILLED WITH STRAW AND ALL THE GIRLS RODE HOMEWARD IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING



Foreign Faces

*Jill discovers that to be a student
at a French boarding school
in Switzerland is even
more romantic than
she had hoped*

By
JOHN WOODSEER

Illustrations by
Francis B. Shields



THE Alps! The Alps at last!"

Jill involuntarily breathed the words aloud as she sat by the window on the Paris-Geneva Express, and gazed outward and upward with wonder and awe. She had landed in France only three days earlier, staying in Paris but a day, then rushing onward to her exciting goal. Since morning the train had sped through landscapes of marvel, different indeed from any she had ever seen, and yet as smoothly rolling as those of her own Middle-west in the United States. But now, within the past half hour, the train had plunged abruptly into breath-taking scenes unlike any she had ever known except in dreams. Towering slopes rose close about her, the mighty feet of heights she could not see.

"No, these are not the Alps yet."

It was her Aunt Helen who spoke.

"But at least you're in Switzerland," continued her aunt. "And we'll see the Alps soon now—when we reach Geneva."

"Geneva!" echoed Jill from her inner world of excited anticipation. "How long I have dreamed of this enchanted place! And to think I am here!"

Aunt Helen smiled at her niece whose eager eyes charmingly matched the copper-brown of her hair. "Do you remember what your father said when boarding school was first mentioned?" she asked.

"Indeed I do," Jill answered happily.

"*'A boarding school for you, young lady?'*" Aunt Helen laughingly quoted Jill's father. "*'Did you ever hear of such a thing as the Depression? Well, you study and learn about that, and you'll have the biggest education the world affords.'*"

"Dear old Dad!" said Jill. "As usual his hard-heartedness turned out to be only teasing, but I thought when I heard those words that this would never happen—that I would always have to stay at home in Unapolis, go to school among the same sights, and always see the same people."

"And yet," said Aunt Helen, "the unbelievable thing happened after all, didn't it? You have not only made the great escape, but it's a double escape—to be going to boarding school, and to a French boarding school in Switzerland."

"Never in my wildest dreams," murmured Jill, "did I dare to hope for such a thing. But it's going to be hard for me, though, entering in the middle of the school year."

"No," Aunt Helen reassured her. "Mademoiselle Amiel, the Directress, wrote that it would make little difference.

And since you are going to stay on through the next school year, you'll soon forget the early difficulties."

"Just think!" Jill's eyes lit with eagerness. "I'll soon see how foreign girls live, girls who come from strange and wonderful places, who live exciting lives! What do you suppose their homes are like? And their mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers?"

Aunt Helen looked wise. "I have an idea that mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers are much alike all over the world. Brothers in general, for instance, are probably inclined to act very much like Jack."

Jill glanced across at the boy sitting almost opposite her in the compartment. He was about Jack's age, but how different. How foreign and romantic he looked, with his mountaineering costume and his rucksack. He had come on the train at the French border, within the hour, and had immediately plunged into the pages of a book. American boys didn't have those ruddy complexions and those yellow curls. They wouldn't have sat quietly reading, with the most exciting things in the world flying by the window. She had heard him speak to the conductor—French. How marvelous to have been born over here, to be able to speak foreign languages like that! Thank goodness, she had had two years of a French course at home, and she ought not to be altogether at a loss in beginning over here.

THE landscape had widened into a valley, and the track for some time had lain beside a green and rushing river. She felt the train slowing. A guard entered.

"Genève!"

The boy opposite automatically stood up, but his eyes remained fixed upon the still open book in his hand. Geneva was so familiar to him that he found a book more interesting. What was the book? Closing it reluctantly, he threw it into the seat as he bent for his rucksack . . . *TRAVAILLEURS DE LA MER* par VICTOR HUGO . . . Jill's eyes followed the title as he stepped aside to let them pass.

Outside in the station she saw him once more. He was being greeted by two other boys similarly dressed, and the cab in which she sat beside her aunt speedily overtook the three, trudging away with their packs on their backs. She sighed once more. The boy was the most romantic-looking object she had ever beheld.

Her thoughts were soon diverted, however, by a vision



which left her breathless. Directly before her rose a vast and towering peak of snow, washed by the last rays of the setting sun.

Aunt Helen turned to her. "Mont Blanc," she said. "Now you see what the real Alps are like."

Their way led them for some moments within sight of the mountain's glory, and Jill's attention was only turned aside by a sight of the lovely swan-bordered lake, and a mighty fountain which seemed to rise as high as the distant peak. A world of enchantment indeed.

"Now, my dear," Aunt Helen said, when they had reached their room at the hotel, "first we'll 'phone the school, and then you and I will fortify ourselves with a good dinner and a good night's sleep. It's the best way to begin a new life."

They dined out-of-doors within sight of the lake, and afterwards strolled beside its magic waters, and watched from the bridge the depths of sapphire and crystal that rush to become the Rhone.

It had been arranged that Jill should enter La Gentaine, the school Aunt Helen had chosen, next day, and she fell asleep wondering whether she was to be the only American girl there. She hoped so. She wanted to know the unknown.

"La Gentaine!" announced the taxi driver the next morning, stopping before a small but stately villa in park-like grounds. In a pleasant drawing-room they were joined by a slender, sweet-faced lady.

"You are Mrs. Stone." She greeted Jill's aunt.

"Mademoiselle Amiel," said Aunt Helen.

TWO OR THREE GIRLS CAME FORWARD TO GREET HER. THEY SPOKE TO HER IN FRENCH

"And this is Jill," they said in unison, turning to the girl with smiles.

Details were discussed as Mademoiselle Amiel showed them the room which Jill was to share with another girl. Her room! She gazed about the plainly-furnished little chamber with excitement.

"Jill, your roommate is to be Simone, a French girl. You will meet her later. I think you will like her," said Mademoiselle Amiel.

A FRENCH girl—how wonderful! "I hope she'll like me," murmured Jill earnestly.

"You will not find her difficult." Mademoiselle's voice was as kind as her eyes. "And as this is your home, you may as well leave your hat and coat here."

At last the arrangements were ended. "I shall see you both more than once during my week in Geneva." Aunt Helen's words were called out from the waiting taxi.

"Now, if you will follow me, Jill, I will show you more." Mademoiselle Amiel led the way down a corridor, suddenly opened a door, pressed Jill forward, and immediately closed it, shutting herself without, and Jill within, a room.

Jill gazed about her, startled. There were perhaps a dozen girls in the room, several about her own age. Two or three came forward and greeted her. They were speaking French! She knew what they were saying, but the replies simply would not come to her lips. She stood, shamed. The girls saw it. One of them, tall, with yellow hair, gave her a hearty little pat on the shoulder, and they all went back to their books, paying no further attention to Jill until she could recover her poise. She understood why. How

sweet they were—what joy to find friends at once! She would study as never before, in order to tell them in French how much her heart responded to them.

As she thought this, a brisk, athletic young woman entered. "I am Mademoiselle Prevost, and you are Jill," she said in English.

Immediately after these words, the tall girl again approached, followed by the others who gathered around Jill. "I am Mab Chatham," she announced.

"But you speak English, after all!" cried Jill, bewildered. "And why shouldn't I?" Mab laughed. "I'm from England."

"But why did you speak only French to me when I saw you really wanted me to understand?"

"Oh that!" Mab shrugged. "School rules. English-speaking girls are on their honors to speak only French to each other when no teacher is present. But now Mademoiselle Prevost is here—"

"I see." Jill felt relieved. "I thought it might be a joke. And are all the girls English?"

"Hardly." Mab laughed again. "I'm the only one. Isabel here is from Spain. Ariane is a Genevan. Feresa is from Egypt. Madeleine is Belgian. Elissa is Dutch. Vivienne is French. And so forth."

"But observe—I spik ze Inglis!" exclaimed Feresa proudly. "Ah, but I Engleeze have also!" explained Isabel.

A bell then struck the summons to classes. At midday dinner Mademoiselle Amiel, presiding over the long table, announced that for one day any girl might speak English to Jill until she got her bearings. Yet not only at the meal, but during all classes, Jill heard no other language than French. When she reached her room at the afternoon's end, a girl, slight, dark-haired, with an olive complexion and a delicate, cameo-cut face, stood in the doorway, holding out her hand.

"I am Simone. I have pleasure to see you, but not much English," the girl said with a charming accent, but slowly and with evident difficulty.

"I have no French at all." Jill's hand had caught Simone's. "But I'm sure we shall understand each other, and I shall try to speak French as soon as possible."

"It will not take you long," Simone drew her into their room. "And now I will tell you some things about La Gentaine, so you will feel at home here. If I do not tell you all, you will please ask me questions."

"Be sure I'll ask hundreds!"

At this Jill made a good beginning indeed during the afternoon. The two girls had been back in the room they shared for half an hour when there came a knock on the door, and Mab sauntered in, wanting to know if the new-comer had begun to feel at home.

"How could I not feel at home in a place where I've found such friendliness?" was Jill's answer.

"Why, my dear," the English girl protested, "how could you fail to find friendliness everywhere you meet people? I'm sure that in America I should find everyone most kind." She turned to the French girl. "Have you let her into the great secret—our plan?"

"Not yet," Simone shook her head. "I was waiting for you. She doesn't know."

"Oh, then she shall," Mab exclaimed. "But first let's make her quite comfy. Where are the *chocolats*?"

Simone produced a box, and the two girls drew their chairs close beside Jill's.

"You know, of course, *L'École des Nations* up the lake?" began Mab.

"No," Jill admitted frankly. "Never heard of it."

"What! Not really?" exclaimed Mab, somewhat crestfallen.

"But are you sure?" persisted Simone. "It is attended by

students from all the world. Could it be you have not some brother or American friend there?"

"My brother's in America, and my American friends are all at home. I see you're disappointed in me, and I'm sorry." Jill drooped.

"Indeed we are not," Mab put in. "That only makes it more difficult, but we must see what can be done . . . It's this way—every year, at the end of the last term, *L'École des Nations*, an hour's ride up the lake, receives its friends. The girls from La Gentaine who have relatives or friends among the students are invited by them, and Mademoiselle Amiel permits them to attend. There is the *programme musicale*, *rafraîchissements*, and above all there is—"

"*La Danse*!" Simone broke in excitedly.

"The boys and girls are allowed to dance together!" continued Mab, with equal animation. "Can you believe it?"

"But that wouldn't be unusual."

"Why not?" Mab challenged.

"In America, boys and girls go to many dances," Jill explained.

"Ah, but not here," sighed Simone.

Yes, they were right. To dance at home with boys one saw every day was certainly not very thrilling, but here it would be different. Here it would (Continued on page 48)



THE THREE BOYS WITH THEIR PACKS ON THEIR BACKS WERE TRUDGING DOWN THE STREET IN AN IMATED CONVERSATION

The Heedless Haydens

*Running a cow-
ranch is no child's-play,
as Bendy found out for herself*

THE STORY SO FAR: The Haydens of the Rocking Chair Ranch (orphans, a large, happy-go-lucky family) had sold valuable land to pay for the visionary schemes of the oldest brother, Ben. Ben's twin, Bendy, was furious on learning that a newcomer—a young man who bred horses—had hesitated about taking the neighboring ranch because the Haydens had “slack” fences. She was terrified to find that “All-alone” Smith, a hostile old woman, had bought all the land they sold. To save the home, she planned to turn the ranch into a dairy-farm, and to board the new “schoolmarm,”—but Ben thought they'd get rich by crossing wild and domestic turkeys. Mary Martha, their grandmother; Laura, their sixteen-year-old sister; Murdock, the cowhand; and Joe and “Skipper” Ann, the children, put the two plans to a vote. “Cows and calves and a schoolmarm” won, and Ben left home to carry out his turkey idea. The “schoolmarm” proved to be a young man. Bendy encountered the new neighbor, Jim Thorne, when his horses got into her corn lot. In the dusk he mistook her for a boy, and ordered her to mend the fence.

PART III

ON a wan and windy Saturday morning Bendy and Murdock arose two hours earlier than usual, saddled their horses, and set out after “Bendy's cows.” Ab Drummy had dickered until he got a good price for her on Jersey cows with heifer calves, from the Burgomaster Stock Farm.

“And they've all been tuberculin tested,” Bendy said, jogging across the bronze plains.

“They'd better test them for fidgetiness and kickingness,” grunted Murdock. “Deliver me from a flitter-gibbet cow!”

Bendy was wearing Ben's heavy leather coat. In the pocket she found a torn bit of paper filled with figures. “Three hundred turkey hens—” And through the memorandum of turkey hens, and chicken wire for runways, was scribbled, “Jelly beans for Skipper.” Dear, generous Ben! A wave of nostalgia for him swept over his twin. She hoped he'd give up this experimental turkey venture, and come back to the Rocking Chair and cows.

Ab Drummy had planned to go with them to advise Bendy, and help her select the cows. But today he couldn't leave the bank. Bendy was all impatience to get her herd, to start selling cream—to start putting the Rocking Chair back on its rockers. So she and Murdock rode on.



SKIPPER ANN SMILED RAPPLY. “THE NICEST

She was later to regret it, for Burgomaster persuaded her to buy twenty-five cows and calves, instead of twenty. The twenty-five took every cent of her capital, but the smooth-talking Burgomaster argued that the more cows she had, the more cream she'd sell, and the bigger her cream checks would be.

The wind was bullying, and Murdock grumbled all the long drive home. He didn't think much of mule-colored cows like these. And they were small, too. Murdock liked big stock. Why, a soup bone off one of these would look like a rooster's drumstick.

Bendy had argued back—at first gayly, then soberly, and now testily. Murdock was hungry. And so was Bendy—headachy and weak from it. They had risen long before daylight, had breakfasted hastily before leaving. It had been noon before the final papers were signed at the stock farm, and the money paid. Yet the niggardly Burgomaster hadn't asked them to dinner.

Bendy had known a gloating exultancy of possession when she started the twenty-five cows, and twenty-five calves, down the road. Small-boned, these cows, with a lean eagerness in their black-smudged faces. The click of their hoofs, the bawling of the calves was melody to her.

By
LENORA
MATTINGLY
WEBER

Illustrations
by
Joseph
Stabley



MAN BOUGHT MY EGYPTIAN BALM," SHE SAID, "HE'S THE HATEFUL NEW NEIGHBOR, YOU KNOW"

She sniffed in the cowl smell of them. "The Rocking Chair was built for a cow ranch," she said.

But the bullying wind, and Murdock's grumbling, and her own gnawing hunger, had dimmed her exultancy when, long after dark, they came within sight of Rocking Chair lights.

JOE rode out to meet them. At last the corral gates closed behind the huddled-together cows and lamenting calves. Twenty-five cows to feed. Now don't feed them too much! Twenty-five calves to feed from buckets. Twenty-five cows divided by Joe, Murdock, Mary Martha, and Bendy. Six apiece, and one left over for the one who finished first. It was Mary Martha who, tucking her full calico skirts about her, and balancing nicely on the three-legged stool, made the milk rise frothily into her bucket while she sang about Saint Bridget whose soul was white as milk.

In the kitchen Laura was fussing importantly about. "I've kept your supper warm for you, though it doesn't look as nice as it did. It said that these menus delighted the eye as well as the palate."

"Never mind about delightin' us," groaned Murdock, "when we're hollower than reeds swayin' in the desert."

ley sauce, and peas in sweet potato nests. And these graham muffins. Then there's a fruit gelatin for dessert."

Murdock looked hungrily about. "Potatoes?" he queried.

Of course there were no Irish potatoes. Who'd think of having other potatoes when there were sweet potato nests?

"Beans?" asked Murdock.

My goodness, no! Some people thought you couldn't eat a meal without beans.

"Gosh-a-mighty, girl," Murdock sighed tragically, "what are we goin' to use for waddin'?"

Bendy helped with the problem of "waddin'" by rummaging stealthily about the cupboard, and finding cold corn bread and runny chokecherry jelly which filled corners untouched by the Balanced Meal.

Later that night, a wearied and worried Bendy sat on the side of the bed, and unlaced her high boots, while Laura, brushing her hair before the mirror, spilled over with chatter. Now those ham croquettes—she had made them from ham on the ham-bone they baked yesterday. Mary Martha would have thrown it out to Goosie. Laura and the Professor had eaten together—"alone, just us two! I mean we two—," for Mary Martha and Skipper Ann were out changing the roosting-place of the young chickens. Laura

hadn't lighted the lamp. They had eaten supper by firelight.

Bendy's arms ached from milking her six cows; her eyes were red and heavy from the buffeting wind, but the uneasiness of her mind was harder to bear than mere physical discomfort. She had glanced through the bulletins from the Agricultural Department on "Dairy Herds and Their Care," and "The Feeding of Calves," and she had found their recommendations most disturbing. They had no feed barns on the Rocking Chair. Nor milking barns free from draft and of even temperature. They had only corrals with open sheds at the end; and these sheds had poor, leaky roofs. And all this about the feeding of dairy cows! Corn chop, and wheat bran, and oil meal. She had supposed you feed dairy cows fodder and hay, like range cattle. It was very hard.

Laura sighed, "Isn't it funny—I mean strange—that the Professor doesn't notice the things he eats? I thought he'd notice the sweet potato nests. And isn't it funny—no, strange—that he doesn't notice people more?"

"You mean why doesn't he notice you more?" Bendy answered with an understanding smile.

Laura went on methodically brushing her hair for a hundred strokes. "Eighty-nine, ninety—but he did say this to me, Bendy!" (Laura

SKIPPER ANN
DISCOVERS A
NEW FRIEND



tried to remember to call her sister Brenda—she disapproved of nicknames—but she didn't always remember.) "I've just kind of treasured it—he said he didn't know what he'd have done at school, without me helping him give out all the language books and U. S. histories. He said he'd have been like a voice calling in the wilderness without me. Don't you think that's expressive, Bendy—a voice calling in the wilderness?"

"Yes," murmured Bendy, cuffing the flat pillow into plumpness under her copper-colored, wind-ruffled, and unbrushed hair. But not as expressive, she reminded herself angrily, as a threat to yank someone from a horse and paddle her.

Two days later Bendy faced Ab Drummy in his swivel chair at the bank. She was worried and unhappy over the request she must make. "It was so foolhardy of me to invest every cent of our money in cows," she admitted honestly. "I didn't realize all the care and shelter dairy cows need. But I've been reading and studying these bulletins from the Agricultural Department. I can't have any success with Jersey cows on the Rocking Chair, with just the poor corrals and sheds we have. I'll have to have feeding barns with feed boxes. I'll have to tighten roofs, and build a milking barn. I've even figured out a way to fix a stove attachment to a water tank, so they won't have to drink icy water.

It retards their milk supply, the Agriculture Bulletin says."

She remembered Murdock's saying, "Gosh-a-mighty, first we have a school-teacher that has to have a room to hisself, and now we have to warm water for the cows. Suppose we'll have to curtsy to them, before and after milkin'."

Bendy went on desperately, "I'll have to borrow five hundred dollars. I thought I could feed the cows alfalfa and corn fodder, but they have to have corn chop and bran, with maybe beet and oil meal to round out. I'll have to have a separator; and I ought to get another sow and little pigs to use up skim milk."

Ab Drummy promised to see what he could do. Money was tight. The next Saturday he told her the directors had consented to let her have five hundred dollars on a ninety-day note. But she must give a chattel mortgage

on her herd of cows as security. Ab Drummy said he felt sure that, in case she couldn't pay the note in full when the ninety days were up, they'd let her renew it.

Bendy took the money thankfully. She ordered the grain she needed, bought the separator. She bought the sow and eight grunt-

ing little pigs. That very evening she went over to the homesteader, whose land touched theirs on the north. The homesteader was "handy with tools." He'd help her make the Rocking Chair into a dairy ranch.

For a week there was the sound of hammer and saw. They hauled railroad ties and built a new calf corral, a warm calf shed. They put warmer roofs of sod on the old sheds, added extra sides, extra windows. The milking barn was Bendy's pride with its cement floors, its many windows. The blue separator whirled in the kitchen. The Labor Platform was in full sway.

Gone were the happy-go-lucky mornings when each Hayden lagged into the kitchen, baked his own pancakes, and dropped into the handy skillet of bacon fat as many eggs as his appetite prompted. Gone were the streaks of lean when Mary Martha stood over the kitchen range. Laura ruled with an iron hand and paper schedules. Laura tramped the rutty path to school after first preparing a breakfast from a page entitled, "Beginning the Day with Cheer." In the Professor's, and Skipper Ann's, and Laura's own lunch bucket was always, "Something Interesting for the Lunch Bucket."

Twenty-five cows to milk on nippy gray mornings, with the sun ever so reluctantly pushing up over the frost-touched plains. Twenty-five bawling, shoving calves for which to weigh out milk—seven pounds for each feeding—and feed from buckets.

Bendy marked the seven-pound (Continued on page 45)

A Message to Our Readers

The National Director of the Girl Scouts tells young people how they can help to make the dream of internationalism real

TODAY we hear a great deal about places and peoples outside of the United States. Magazines and newspapers discuss and report events in far-off countries as matters which have a direct bearing on our own country and its welfare. Scarcely a day passes without foreign news of great importance to all of us. One day it is the negotiations between Italy and France over some frontier in Europe, another time it is the compromise between Hungary and Jugoslavia—that country which meant so little to most of us until recently. For weeks people all round the world followed the news of elections in the Saar with bated breath, and discussions between statesmen in Japan claimed front page space in our daily newspapers.

Little by little there is developing an increasing realization that the destiny of other nations has a very close relation to our own welfare. And what is true with us is likewise true in other countries. Major national events in every country are of world interest and importance today.

But unfortunately, back of so much of the discussion of current events, lurks a great fear—the fear of war. Nations are arming today as they were never before armed in peace times. Such vast expenditures for munitions are indulged in, that nations are almost bankrupt.

One hears war talk from all the ends of the earth. There is not a single large country which is not arming and re-arming itself with the latest and newest guns, torpedoes, battleships, and bombing planes. Nations are fearing that other nations will become stronger than they are; will have bigger and better guns, soldiers, and ships than they have. The wonders of modern science have been perverted for war purposes, creating incredibly deadly weapons so that in any war to come it will be a nation's population fighting another nation's population, whereas in past wars, it was a nation's army of soldiers fighting another army of soldiers. With poison gases and bombing planes, whole cities can now be attacked and wiped out. It is the young people of today, who cannot remember the horrors of the Great War, who will pay the price of the next unless they realize that war is not adventure, and see to it that a way out of all this misery is found.

Fortunately, while this tremendous preparation for war is going on round the world, new forces are developing to challenge the old system. There is a rapidly growing group which is not only demanding the demobilization of the old war machinery, but which is bringing forth constructive proposals in the way of peace machinery to take its place. An increasing number of people in every country are beginning to realize how futile it is to try and solve problems by forcing



By
JOSEPHINE
SCHAIN

human beings to kill each other. Rational people are realizing that wars never settle anything, but bring on more and greater problems to be solved after the war is over. For instance, they see the gigantic problems which have pyramided from the last war until we have a world depression with staggering human suffering.

So at the same time that we study about the elections in the

Saar, the settlement of the Hungarian border troubles, and similar events, we begin to realize that a number of new influences are at play.

The League of Nations, the World Court, the International Labor Office, the Disarmament Conference, the Economic Conference, and like institutions and conferences are sounding a new note in the world. Again and again, sometimes failing, sometimes succeeding, men and women representing every country in the world are urging that a new order replace the old, that arbitration of disputes by peaceful means must take the place of the old order of war and killing and bloodshed.

THIS is not a new idea. It is as old as civilization, as old as most of the religions that have been the inspiration of mankind through history. But today these ideas are taking on a practical, workable form. As a great statesman once said, "What is so powerful as an idea whose hour has struck!"

Little by little the world is growing smaller. That sounds like an odd statement, but is it? Formerly Japan was a long way off. It took weeks to sail the Pacific. We knew very little of the people in Eastern Europe. Few Americans traveled there. The center of Africa was a closed book to all but a handful of people. As we had little personal knowledge of the rest of the world, we had a strange attitude toward it because, for some reason, human beings are afraid of the unknown.

Then came quicker transportation, speedier means of communication, cables for sending messages, steamers crossing the Atlantic in a few days, (Continued on page 45)



A GIRL SCOUT OF BORÅS, IN THE SOUTH-WESTERN PART OF SWEDEN, PREPARES TO DRAW WATER FOR THE CAMPERS' WASH-TUB

Calling All Girl Scouts

East may be East, and West may be West, but surely meet within the sisterhood



THE PRIZE-WINNING COMPANY OF GIRL GUIDES AT LADY IRWIN'S SCHOOL, SIMLA, PUNJAB, INDIA. THE BADGES OF THESE GUIDES ARE WORN ON THE SHOULDER STRAP



THREE MEMBERS OF THE SECOND BANGOR COMPANY OF IRISH GUIDES STROLLING NEAR THEIR CAMP



A GROUP OF LATVIAN GIRL SCOUTS WHO WENT TO OULI, W. ONE OF THEM



"THE CHINESE GIRL SCOUTS," A PAINTING BY A CHINESE CHILD, FROM THE ROCKEFELLER CENTER INTERNATIONAL SHOW

TWO GIRL SCOUTS IN CHINA SET OFF THE DUFFLE BAGS HOPEFULLY THEY WILL A THREAT

Scouts and Guides!

*West be West, but the Twain shall
assist of Scouting and Guiding*



THE FIVE PATROL LEADERS OF THE FIRST GIRL GUIDE COMPANY, PEIPING, CHINA.
CLOSE-UPS OF TWO OF THESE SMILING CHINESE GIRLS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 30



A SMALL BROWNIE AT THE EDGE OF THE
NEW ZEALAND BUSH CAREFULLY STUDIES
THE FOLIAGE FOR HER NATURE WORK



SIX HAPPY JAPANESE
GIRL SCOUTS FROM
TOKYO. NOTICE THE
INTERNATIONAL TRE-
FOIL ON THEIR TIES

A GROUP OF
LATVIAN GUIDES
WHO REGULATE
TO OUN, WITH
ONE OF LEADERS



AMERICAN GIRL
SCOUTS OF PARIS,
WHO SPENT THEIR
WINTER VACATION
AT OUR CHALET IN
SWITZERLAND

TWO GUIDES
IN COMIFORM
SET OFF THEIR
DUFFELBAGS
HOPING ALL
THEY FOR
A THRIKE

Eleven Countries Send



A FRENCH ÉQUIPE OR PATROL, PROVING, AS OUR CORRESPONDENT SAYS, THAT SCOUTING IS "CHIC"

DURING the summer of 1934, the Editors of THE AMERICAN GIRL were thinking about this International Issue of the magazine, and were writing letters to many countries where Girl Scouting, or Girl Guiding, is part of the national life, asking for letters and photographs so that American Girl Scouts might look into the faces of their sisters in foreign lands, and might read personal accounts of their activities. The response has been heart-warming, and the Editors want to thank all the friends who have cooperated so generously by sending the letters and pictures which you see in these pages. Since we have not space to print all of the interesting material we have received, we have chosen those messages which, we believe, will bring our American readers closest to Girl Guides and Girl Scouts all over the world.

From Baluchistan, India

From the Baluchistan Guides and "Bluebirds," to all the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides who read this, *Salaam Ali Kum!* Which is what they say here when they mean, "How do you do," "Hullo," or "Pleased to see you!"

On the map, compared with the other provinces of India, we look very small, but we feel quite large, for we are nearly all "frontiers"—Afghanistan all along the north, and Persia all down the west, so that, strategically, we are rather important.

The queer thing about us is that, though we are a province with seven Girl Guide Companies and nine "Bluebird" Flocks, we all live in the same place—the big military town of Quetta. You see, it is the only large town in this province.

Quetta is 5,500 feet above the sea level, and has mountains going up to 12,000 feet, on three sides, and a plain on the fourth side. It is very cold in winter, and sometimes pretty hot in summer. From the Guiding point-of-view, though, it has one great advantage—it hardly ever rains! Unfortunately we can't camp anywhere, because of being so near the frontiers. No one camps here without an escort of military or militia.

"Nature Study" isn't too easy, either, because in Baluchistan there isn't much nature to study! Owing to the shortage of water, most of the countryside is pretty barren and rocky. But, in spots, anywhere where there is water, it is particularly green, and we have very good fruit in Baluchistan. And we have some nice animals. We don't see many of the wild animals—panthers, wolves, hyenas, gazelle, and wild mountain sheep and goats—because they live in the mountains and deserts, but we have a nice selection of "tame" animals which we can see every day in, or round about, the city: ponies, donkeys, goats and sheep of various colors—black, white, piebald, brown and grey. And camels—any amount of camels! They are everywhere! In fact, a nice well-behaved camel played a big part in our last Rally on Empire Day. Indeed, we're so used to camels that we hardly notice them when we see them passing, and we feel just about as scornful of the camels as



A GROUP OF ENGLISH GUIDES AT THE SEASHORE BUILDS UP UNITS OF A MODEL CAMP, IN SAND

they (judging from their disdainful expressions) do about us!

Our Girl Guiding is done in English and "Hindustani" mostly, with occasional bits in some other language, for Quetta is like the "Tower of Babel" where languages are concerned.

We wish you all the Very Best of Luck. When you read this, we ask you to think of us, and perhaps, just for a moment, your thoughts will come winging their way over sea and land until they find us, in our queer little corner of Asia, and will return to us the very sincere greetings which we send to you!

From Nowgong, Assam, India

We, the Girl Guides of Nowgong, have our weekly meetings on Friday in the afternoon. Our uniform is different from the uniform other Guides wear. It consists of a white blouse, and a five-yard piece of dark-blue, thin cloth with a one-and-one-half-inch white border along the two long sides. This piece is called a *saree*. One end of the five yards is worn as a skirt, and the remainder of the cloth is gathered up at the shoulder and pinned to the blouse with a trefoil pin, letting about one and one-half yards of it hang on the back from the shoulder. This part can be used as a wrapper, or it can be used as a substitute for a hat, or hood. The picture shows how it looks to wear a *saree*.

We study about birds and insects. We observe changes in weather, and things in nature. Sometimes we go out hiking, and once in a while we have picnics. We would like to go out more and have long hikes, but in our country of India, girls do not go out much. We have many difficulties. Some of us are Hindus, some are Mohammedans, and the others are Christians. The Mohammedan girls do not go out with us because their parents do not allow them to do so. They can come to school, because it is a school for girls only, but they must not show their faces in the street. The Hindus and Christians can go out once in a while, but not much. Again, when we go on picnics, the cook must be a Brahmin, and only a Brahmin must touch the pans and dishes; otherwise the Hindus will not eat. But in spite of all these difficulties we manage to have a good time.

Our country is very hot and wet in summer, and in winter it is damp. When it is neither very hot and wet, nor very damp, we have camp fires in the evening. We all like camp fires, and we sit around the fires on mats, and sing songs and play games. Sometimes we have a tea-party before the camp fire.

From Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Canadian Guiding—what a host of experiences and memories these words hold for the girl who wears a trefoil, and how proud she feels to be called not only a Girl Guide, but also a Canadian Girl Guide; to feel that Canada, her Canada, stands in one friendly circle with the other nations of the world in this great movement. As she grows up with Guiding, itself still young, she realizes how this movement, so dear to her, is taking part, to an ever increasing

International Greetings



A COMPANY OF GIRL GUIDES AT NOWGONG, ASSAM, INDIA WEARING THE "SAREE" DESCRIBED ON PAGE 28



GIRL SCOUTS FROM STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, EACH HOLDING SOME ARTICLE OF CAMP EQUIPMENT

extent, in the life of the Dominion. It would be possible to write much upon the joyous, happy game of Guiding, and the happy hours it brings into the life of a Guide, week by week, but it is of the deeper and more lasting side that I would speak.

These inherent characteristics of Guiding, honor, loyalty, obedience, and helpfulness, are attributes of good citizenship the world over. But a new and vast country, such as this Dominion of ours, requires of her citizens, in a special degree, those qualities of resourcefulness and leadership and a wide understanding and friendliness which are so largely developed by Guide training.

The Canadian girl is often called upon to take up life far away from home and friends, where totally new conditions face her. It is then that her Guiding stands her in good stead; then that she realizes the great value of those glorious camping days, those days of work and fun in the great outdoors, for it was then that Guiding became something real to her, something to use every day. Resourcefulness became almost second nature. And, unconsciously, these qualities help her over many a difficult path.

Again, she often finds that there are other Guides in her new habitat, and she is cheered and helped by the "Open Sesame" of Guide friendliness. All the little shynesses, reserves and lonely moments which could so easily beset her, become non-existent and she finds her niche quite easily. It is here that she remembers that a Guide is a friend to all, and that her friendliness must not be limited to fellow Guides.

But the influence of her Guide training does not leave her here. It leads her on to a realization of the part she should play in the world at large. Guide training fosters, not only the appreciation of this wider citizenship, but it also prepares the way for its fulfillment. Through gatherings at Our Chalet and World Rallies, girls of all nations and creeds are intermingling. Ideas are interchanged, and each Guide returns with a little more understanding of, and a little more warmth of feeling toward, those of other countries. The need for the expansion of this world-wide sympathy and experience is especially urgent at the present time. If Guiding in Canada continues to spread this ideal, it will have more than justified its existence in our Dominion.

From Peiping, China

Dear Sister Guides,

We have received a letter from you saying that you would like to hear something about our Guides for your magazine, and we shall be very glad to tell you.

Our Company consists of about forty Guides, and we meet once a week. At each meeting we play games, and also learn different kinds of crafts such as signalling, bandaging, sick nursing, etc., and we enjoy our meetings very much. We always think of the Guides of other countries, especially on February twenty-second, our World Guide Thinking Day. Though mountains and seas divide us, we believe that we are one in spirit, (Continued on page 30)



CANADIAN GIRL GUIDES AT VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA ERECTING A CANVAS SHELTER OVER THEIR MESS-TABLE TO KEEP OFF SUN, RAIN, AND CATERpillARS

sixteen) are becoming more adventurous, including expeditions on foot, on bicycles, and with horse caravans. Camping abroad is growing in popularity, and in one year nearly a thousand Guiders and Rangers visited other countries. At home we welcome Guides from other lands, not to mention the vast number of oversea Guiders who come for training weeks at Foxlease, our Guide home in the New Forest, so generously given to us by your Mrs. Saunderson, and endowed by The Princess Royal, our President. In this country, we look for these things in a camp: small numbers (camps of over fifty are not encouraged), a happy atmosphere, and opportunities for developing initiative and resource among the campers.

Guiding in Finland Before and Now

Girls in the wide, wide world! You stand lined up with badge-decorated blouses, many-colored scarves, and flying standards; you camp in the summer with your gear neatly arranged in English tents; you have been in Foxlease to get special training. Do you wish to know how we had it in Finland some twenty years ago? Do you think we had handbooks, or badges, or camping tents, or other necessities? Certainly not. A burning enthusiasm, a love of life, and a hunger for adventure which did not inquire about boundaries or forms, was all that we had. What we knew about Scouting was that there was a gentleman in England who was called Baden-Powell, and that there was a book, "Scouting for Boys."

We had a notion that Scouting was fun and fascinating, but we had very vague ideas of how to "catch the boy and make him a man." It was yet more vague to us how to "catch the girl and make her a woman." At the beginning, of course, Scouting was a hobby only for boys.

However, we did not want to be less good than our sisters in England, so we started Girl Scouting with good speed, and with invincible faith in the future.

To begin with, one of our masters went



A GIRL SCOUT VACATION CAMP LOCATED ON A BEAUTIFUL LAKE IN FINLAND

into "apprenticeship" with the boys, and returned chock-full of "Scouting for Boys" and noble craftsmanship. Having made this foundation, we enlisted an unlimited number of girls who tied knots on ropes, strings and—thread. Sunday excursions were arranged in groups, crowds, and armies. We cooked sausages and potatoes in "camps," we played tracking and Indians in the nearest woods, after which we marched home with muddy boots and a bit of God's Nature in our eyes.

Fortunately, during the summer vacation of the schools in Finland, the children usually go to the country for three months, during which time teachers and leaders can enjoy a well-earned rest. In that way we leaders also got time to think, to gather our wits together, and to bring order into the chaos which was to become Guiding. We had to organize, and gradually to lead the crowd into fixed channels. But how to get training? We decided to take the practical way by simply attacking natural Scouting among ourselves—the leaders.

Then we had a camp—the first, the drollest. I remember a series of sunny summer days, full of life, of sun, of woods, and lakes. We had at our disposal a huge empty house with some forty rooms. An adjoining building consisted of halls, verandahs, and an enormous kitchen in which we were allowed to cook food. Do you laugh, Guides of today? Was this a camp? Oh, yes, but we worked also! The heaviest, most difficult daily work was the gathering of branches for fuel in the kitchen, and taking our turns at the terrible dish-washing. In addition to this, which we considered the climax of practical Scouting, we used our evenings for folk-dances. There is nothing to be said against games and dances, but when I now, twenty years later, look at a real Guide Camp I am filled with a great, whole-hearted admiration for the leaders who, at that time, had the courage to open the way for the young people.

Our Chief was called "General."

She was a very fine personality and much admired, but extremely impractical. I will tell you a true story about her. The "General" had never prepared food, or boiled coffee, or cleaned fish, or fried pancakes. However, some of the masters had seen people prepare food, and some had actually prepared some themselves. As a point of principle, the "General" considered that she had to go into action as the leader. It was a question of boiling coffee. She put the coffee-pot full of water on the fire in the huge kitchen where the twigs and branches crackled and burned. When the water came to a boil she was going to put in the coffee. But what did she do? While the coffee-pot was boiling hard so that the steam blew out through the spout, she poured in the ground coffee. A second later she called out, "Mary, Mary, help! It spat out everything!"

It was equally awkward at fish-cleaning time. The leaders knew how to clean fish—but only theoretically, and this they did not wish to admit to their juniors. The "General" and her "Adjutant" disappeared behind a rock with a knife and some fish, and began the risky enterprise. Did they succeed? No, sisters, they did *not*. They only gained the knowledge that fins are prickly, and that the scales would not come off. At last a girl from a neighboring farm was called. She laughed at the attempts of the town-ladies, and cleaned the fish in a jiffy.

Now, don't think that our Scouting was so very bad, even though I tell you about these fatalities. Oh, no! These were only the beginnings, the first experiences. It improved from day to day. At last we had *real* Scouting, work with a purpose, and better organization. The most important result was that, gradually, we began to develop *real* Guiding, and not only "Scouting for Boys."

However, after only one year of work, the principal Scout Leaders were called to the Police Office. The Russian era in the history of Finland had taken an eventful turning. We were simply and frankly forbidden to continue our "politically dangerous and revolutionary activities." Those who had power in the Empire regarded Scouting as a secret training of Activists in a political battle against (Continued on page 42)



THE LODGE AT LISELUND ON THE ISLAND OF MØEN, DENMARK, USED AS A "LITTLE HOUSE"

Vegetable Cooking in Many Lands

A NEW friend took me to lunch the other day at a French restaurant where I had never been before. "I always come here," she said, "for it's the only place in town where they know how to cook vegetables!"

"Another food crank," I said to myself, but I was pleasantly mistaken, for she introduced me that day to a vegetable luncheon that was as different from most vegetable luncheons as day is from night. The vegetables were not only cooked to perfection—fresh in color and flavor—but seasoned to the Queen's taste. And that is what the French know how to do—they know the secret of plunging vegetables into freshly boiling water and cooking, usually uncovered, for the shortest possible time—only until tender—and seasoning them with real art.

Each country has some vegetable dish that is especially popular with its people. The delicious mushroom combinations of France, the *risottos* of Italy, in which rice and tomatoes combine with some meat or sea food, the spiced beets and beet soups (*borsch*) of Russia, and the potato pancakes of Germany, are but a few. I have selected some recipes from different countries which will fit nicely into our own American meals. But before I give them to you, I want to tell you a few things in general about cooking vegetables.

Overcooking, or slow cooking, are the two things that most often cause the finest vegetables to be tasteless, or unappetizing. So do as the French do, and cook your vegetables in freshly boiling salted water, and only until just tender, then drain and add butter and seasonings. Some vegetables need more water than others. Spinach and Swiss chard, for instance, need only the water that clings to them after they are washed, while cabbage and cauliflower and their relatives need a large amount of water. The different amounts for different vegetables are as follows:

Almost No Water: Spinach, Swiss chard.

Small Amount of Water (only enough to prevent scorching): Carrots, peas, celery, tomatoes, squash.

Water to Cover: Potatoes, sweet corn, beets, parsnips, lima beans, green and wax beans, asparagus, artichokes.

Large Amount of Water: Cabbage, cauliflower, onions, turnips, kohlrabi, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, rutabagas, kale, turnip tops, old beets or carrots, dandelion greens, beet greens.

Some vegetables may also be baked, steamed, fried in deep fat, or sautéed in a small amount of fat in a frying pan.

Vegetable plate combinations are becoming more and more popular in America, especially for luncheon dishes. There are usually four or five vegetables on the plate and sometimes a poached egg in the center, resting on a bed of spinach, or fluffy mashed potato. A white sauce, cheese sauce, or Hollandaise sauce is also often served. Here are some good plate combinations:

By JANE CARTER

Grilled tomatoes, lima beans, spinach, cauliflower; new cabbage, fresh peas, baby carrots, parsley potatoes; baked potatoes, string beans, beets, stuffed celery; baked stuffed tomato, peas, diced turnips; asparagus, dandelion greens, new potatoes, relish; kidney beans with tomato sauce, Swiss chard, sautéed mushrooms.

Creamed Mushrooms (France)

The mushrooms are washed, and then blanched a moment by dipping into boiling

butter, stirring carefully to avoid breaking the delicate carrot circles. Serve at once.

Risotto (Italy)

Chop 3 medium-sized onions until fine, then fry them in a deep pan until golden brown, in olive oil about ¼ inch deep. Heat 1 can of tomatoes and 1 can of consommé, and add to the onions. Wash and drain 8 heaping tablespoons of rice, and add, uncooked, to the mixture. Stir constantly. After fifteen minutes' cooking, add ½ pound calf's liver, cut in small pieces, then salt and pepper. Cook until rice is done, but not mushy. A little boiling water must be added from time to time to prevent burning. Just before removing from the stove, sprinkle liberally with Parmesan cheese. A sauce made of 1 can tomato soup and 1 can tomato paste may be poured over the *risotto* as it is served, and additional Parmesan cheese served.

I picked up this recipe last summer at the Columbia Hotel at Genoa. It was the best *risotto* I had ever tasted, and I asked the chef for the recipe. Sometimes *risotto* is made with beef, and sometimes with crab-flakes or other sea food.

Spiced Beets (Russia)

Drain 1 can of whole or cut beets, and chop fine. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, remove from heat, add 1 tablespoon flour and stir until smooth. Add the beets with 2 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, and a small bay leaf, crushed between the fingers. Cook in double boiler for ten or fifteen minutes. Just before serving add 2 tablespoons sour cream. These may also be served cold.

Borsch (Russia)

Make a simple soup stock by cooking together 1 pound beef, 4 or 5 onions, sliced, 2 large beets, sliced, and 1 cup chopped cabbage. Season with salt and pepper to taste and add 1 or 2 teaspoons sugar. Just before serving, add 1 tablespoon sour cream for each cup of soup.

Potato Pancakes (Germany)

Peel 6 large potatoes and soak several hours, or overnight, in cold water; grate, drain, and for every pint of grated potato allow 2 eggs, about 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, and a little pepper. Beat eggs well and mix with the rest of the ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot buttered skillet, in small cakes. Turn and brown on both sides. Or bake in a hot oven in one pancake until crisp and brown, allowing fifteen minutes for baking each side. Serve with apple sauce.

Mexican Salad

Peel and mash to a pulp 4 alligator pears. Add 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion,



water. Next they are drained and put on to cook in melted butter for about five minutes. Then salt and pepper to taste are added with some chopped parsley, a spoonful of tarragon vinegar, and a small amount of sweet white wine. When the mushrooms are tender, thick cream is added, and when it is hot, the dish is served immediately.

I cook mushrooms very much the same way, except that, in place of wine, I add a small amount of water if needed. Usually enough liquid cooks out of the mushrooms themselves to make this unnecessary. Then, instead of pouring on thick cream, I stir in a small amount of flour and milk mixed together until smooth, and make a creamy sauce of the liquid in which the mushrooms are cooking. I add enough extra milk to give the right consistency. And here's a tip—try using evaporated milk sometimes for your creamed mushrooms, and see what a delicious rich sauce you get. I serve my creamed mushrooms on buttered toast.

Sugared Carrots (France)

Slice carrots crossways in thin circles and cook in unsalted boiling water until almost tender. Pour off part of the water and add enough sugar to make a thin syrup. Finish cooking carrots in syrup until tender. Pour off syrup and add a generous amount of

and a few drops of Tabasco sauce, and salt. Pile a good portion on half a peeled tomato. Serve on crisp lettuce, with French dressing.

Stuffed Cabbage (Denmark)

Take a pound of any kind of cold meat, and put it through a food chopper twice with a small onion and a green pepper, from which seeds have been removed. Season well with salt, paprika, nutmeg, and allspice. Mix with a beaten egg; add a spoonful of catsup and enough water to moisten slightly. Boil a small, firm cabbage for twenty minutes. Cut out the stalk and fill the cavity with the meat. Close it with a small piece of stalk tied on. Steam for an hour and serve with melted butter.

Scotch Broth

Put 1 beef shank into a large kettle, cover with 3 quarts water, add 1 cup pearl barley, and cook slowly for two hours. Put through food chopper, using coarse grinder, 1 small white turnip, 2 medium-sized carrots, $\frac{1}{4}$ head of kale or cabbage, and 4 large onions. Add chopped vegetables and 1 cup rice to soup stock and cook one hour longer. Remove bones, season with salt and pepper, and just before serving, add 1 can peas. This soup may be kept in a cool place and reheated as needed.

Swedish Soup

Dice 2 small carrots and cook in salted water until tender. Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh peas until done. In top of double boiler, melt 2 tablespoons butter, stir in 1 tablespoon flour and pinch of salt, add gradually 2 cups rich milk and 1 cup cream, and cook together over boiling water ten minutes. Add carrots, peas, and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, just before serving.

Medley of Vegetables (American)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups onions, sliced, 2 cups celery, cut in strips, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups carrots, cut in strips, 2 cups string beans, cut in strips, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups mushrooms, sliced lengthwise, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup green pepper, cut in strips, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 cups canned tomatoes, $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca.

Cut vegetables in strips, $\frac{1}{4}$ - $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Melt butter in kettle. Add onions, celery, carrots, and string beans. Cover closely and cook fifteen minutes. Then add remaining vegetables, salt, pepper, and quick-cooking tapioca. Again cover and cook slowly thirty to forty-five minutes, or until vegetables are tender, stirring occasionally. Serves six.

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SPORTS of all kinds are a lot of fun—but they frequently can be harmful, too. Take basketball, for example. It's a fast, strenuous game that burns up a lot of physical energy. Even girls who are in splendid condition may lose weight and become fatigued playing a full game of basketball.

And that explains why so many athletic coaches advise girls on their teams to drink Cocomalt every day. For they know that Cocomalt contains 5 vital food essentials every girl should have.

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Cocomalt is a nutritious food in powder form designed to be mixed with milk. Prepared as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy to milk—almost doubling the food-energy value of every glass you drink. Cocomalt supplies extra carbohydrates which give the food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It sup-

plies extra proteins that help replace used or wasted muscle tissue. It provides extra minerals—food-phosphorus and food-calcium for strong bones and sound teeth. Cocomalt mixed with milk contains Vitamins A B D and G.

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Cocomalt has a delicious chocolate flavor and you'll like it, served HOT or COLD. Sold at grocery, drug and department stores in $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size can. For trial can, send 10¢ to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. B-2, Hoboken, N. J.

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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

WAR AGAINST WAR

"A fancy organization," "a mere debating society," "an ineffectual tool of France"—those are some of the names that the League of Nations has been called. And it's true that the dignified League has suffered undignified defeat in conflicts it tried to end. It has failed, for example, to stop the war between Bolivia and Paraguay. It didn't halt armed Japanese aggression at Shanghai and in Manchuria.

In 1934, though, the League, which has



fallen down many times, picked itself up, went to work with new hope, and redeemed itself. It sent an army composed of British, Italian, Dutch, and Swedish troops into the Saar, to keep order during the trying period of the plebiscite. And when the possibility of another World War, growing out of a crime—the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia—was giving European statesmen nightmares, the League set fears at rest. This it did by calming Yugoslavia which had accused Hungary of harboring terrorists involved in the crime.

The League's best-known figure is, perhaps, Arthur Henderson, the British president of its Disarmament Conference. A sketch of him appears in this column. Born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1863, of humble laboring-class parents, he has had a varied career. At first a manual laborer, he became, successively, a member of the Salvation Army, a Methodist preacher, and a member of Parliament. He served, from 1929 to 1931, as Foreign Secretary in Great Britain's Labor Government. From young manhood on, he has been a tireless worker for world peace.

THREE CENTURIES OF SCHOOL

In the year 1635, the first American high school was founded. How far such schools have traveled since that date, three hundred years ago! No girls were admitted to that early academy, the Boston Latin School. The few dozen boys that enrolled were given limited mental fare, chiefly Latin and Greek classics.

Now, almost six million boys and girls are offered a well-rounded curriculum in some twenty-three thousand high schools.

GERMS TAKE TO THE AIR

How long can microbes live, floating in the air? Two Harvard research workers, William F. Wells and Wyman R. Stone, have made experiments aimed at answering that question. They sprayed microbes, in distilled water, into the air within a tank. All germs inside the tank had previously been killed. No microbes could enter except those deliberately sent in.

In that fine spray there were big and little droplets. The bigger ones fell to the floor, and the germs in them soon died. But the smaller ones dried up before reaching the floor, and left microscopic cores, or nuclei. These nuclei drifted about, carrying microbes. Some of the air-borne germs were still alive after three days.

For many years, doctors have been telling us to hold handkerchiefs before our noses and mouths when sneezing or coughing, if there are other people in the room with us. The Harvard experiments drive home the wisdom of this advice.

WEE PEOPLE AND BIG BUSINESS

The tiniest woman in the world has recently had an eighteenth birthday. She is Margaret Ann Robinson, of Long Beach, California. Eighteen inches tall, she weighs nineteen pounds. There are, today, some two thousand known midgets—Lilliputians who have failed to attain anything like normal size. Always, a gland deficiency is responsible for the stunting of their growth.

Captain Werner, the world's smallest man, is just Miss Robinson's height. He's twenty-one years old; he weighs twenty pounds.



"General Tom Thumb," who was born in 1832 and died in 1883, is considered the most famous midget who ever lived. That old-time master showman, P. T. Barnum, made millions by exhibiting him, over a period of more than thirty years.

Those who know midgets well say they're usually likable—a little conceited, some of them, but good sports. They show a brave front to the world even though, in private, they may cry Lilliputian tears into wee handkerchiefs.

THE PAW OF THE LAW

When underworld leaders are sent to ordinary prisons they manage, often, to hold their gangs together, and to direct them. Though they are behind bars, obedient henchmen outside see that their orders are carried out. Helped by such confederates, they've frequently plotted prison riots and attacks on guards and wardens.

Federal authorities resolved to build a prison where such hardened "super-criminals" could be isolated. But where could a site for such a stronghold be found?

In Alcatraz they found their answer. Alcatraz is a rocky islet in the middle of



San Francisco Bay. A mile and a half from the nearest land, it is swept by treacherous tide currents. The Government built its prison on that point of rock. It now holds there the most dangerous of its convicts—among them Al Capone.

No visitors are allowed on the steep, twelve-acre isle. All mail, incoming and outgoing, is read by prison censors. Dozens of modern devices make the buildings virtually impregnable to assault from within.

Even so, "Bad Men's Island," as Alcatraz is called, is going to add new prison guards to its present staff. Mr. Sanford Bates, director of the Federal Prison Bureau, is planning to send a squad of trained Swiss police dogs to help make the place "break-proof." He has said that, in some ways, such animals are better guards than men. They've been schooled to knock down the man they're after, but not to hurt him. Politely but firmly they make him see that his plan for escape was just a large error.

CASTLE COLLEEN

Hobbies of movie stars are varied and sometimes unusual. One of the most interesting of them is Colleen Moore's. It's a doll's house. Some weeks ago she watched a group of toy-makers and artists bring it to completion. For nine years they'd been working, intermittently, on it. It is perhaps the most extraordinary "toy" ever made. It's nine feet square: a fairy castle inlaid with ivory, silver, and gold. Its twenty rooms have electric lights, a radio, running water, and a tiny electric ice-box.

KIDNAPERS CAN'T WIN

Kidnaping, the most brutal of all crimes, has not paid as a "business." It is that outstanding fact which keeps the nation from being terrorized by criminals holding men, women, and children for ransom.

Every major kidnaping since the Lindbergh case, at the present writing, has been solved. And the Lindbergh mystery itself gives promise of yielding up its remaining secrets at the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, in whose garage much of the ransom money was found.

One agency, more than any other, is responsible for this record: the Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice. It is a national detective force, directed from its headquarters in Washington. Either directly, or in cooperation with local authorities, it has toiled, with brilliant success, at the problems each kidnaping presented. Its special agents are picked men, trained scientifically, and able, also, to shoot fast and straight.

In its files are the fingerprints of some three million persons—among them those of more than six thousand known kidnapers, bank robbers, and racketeers. J. Edgar Hoover, one of the world's greatest crime experts, is at its head.

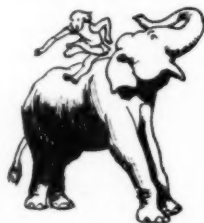
THE EARTH'S ECCENTRIC NEIGHBOR

It may seem strange for people to get excited about the moon. But for scores of years, astronomers had argued about it. Was volcanic activity still going on in its depths? Could there be life in the form of vegetation on its surface? And just what was that surface composed of?

Such questions have been settled by findings made public not long ago. These findings grew out of work done by scientists of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C.

The earth's silvery satellite, it now appears, is totally dead. No slightest trace of the volcanic fury that once convulsed it now lingers. Its surface is translucent—penetrated, to a slight depth, by the sun's rays—and is a soft, spongy mass of light-colored pumice and volcanic ash. There's not a sign of even the simplest forms of life.

No water wets the moon. And there's no air around it, to soften the thrust of the



sun's rays, and to keep heat from escaping, quickly, from its surface. This leads to extraordinary changes in surface temperature. During the lunar day, the temperature rises as high as 248 degrees, Fahrenheit. During the nights, a laboratory thermometer, if laid on the moon's surface, would drop to 148 degrees below zero.

The moon, much smaller than the earth, has only one-sixth the earth's gravitational pull. If the globe we live on tugged at us with but one-sixth its present power, what jumps we could make! We'd go leaping, lightly, over elephants' backs.

Look what Nora Huebner got from us... *without cost!*

Nora's smart! She used the Libby Thrift Plan, got the equipment she wanted without paying a dime for it!

Nora Huebner, Troop 20, Saginaw, Michigan



NORA wanted *lots* of Girl Scout equipment. A ring. A cookie cutter. Handkerchiefs. Stationery and correspondence cards. And *two* Girl Scout address books!

It would have been quite a bill, if Nora had had to pay for all these things. But she had sent in the coupon from an advertisement just like this one, and had found out all about the Libby Thrift Plan. Had found out how to get any official equipment she wanted, *without cost*.

So now she has all the things you see above. And her advice to you would be—use the Libby Thrift Plan!

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INTERNATIONAL Month among Girl Scouts and Girl Guides everywhere. . . . Girls around the world thinking of each other. . . . That is what February means to us, and there is perhaps nothing that makes us feel more intimately acquainted with these far-away friends than the stories we read about them, and the books that tell us of their homes. I have therefore chosen for you this month some of the delightful books I have recently read about girls of other lands, and their countries. You will enjoy reading them for yourself, I know. And those of you who are Girl Scouts will enjoy making them a part of your February troop meetings.

In China, Far Away

You will like Ho-ming, no doubt about that, when you meet her in her story, *Ho-ming, Girl of New China* by Elizabeth Foreman Lewis (John Winston), for she is a girl of today, eager, interested in everything around her, and with a curiosity that regularly leads her into scrapes, and out of them again. Of all who claim her interest in the Chinese town where she lives, Ho-ming is most fascinated by Wei Ih-Send, the woman doctor. Wei Ih-Send's friendship is a joy, and most joyful of all is the day when, with the Wei doctor's help, Ho-ming is able to enter the school of her dreams. Neither she nor the doctor then know that the day will come when, in the midst of dramatic happenings, Ho-ming will repay her debt by saving the life of her older friend.

Mrs. Lewis, author of *Ho-ming*, as well as of *Young Fu, Boy of New China* (John Winston), has taught in a girls' boarding school in China, and so is able to give us a real girl and her family and friends, as well as vividly picturing for us life in China as it actually is today.

To read with *Ho-ming*, I recommend to you *The Pageant of Chinese History* by Elizabeth Seeger (Longmans, Green). This is a good title, for the book is indeed like a pageant, describing Chinese history so dramatically that it is as full of action and suspense as any story. Here is an answer for you to that puzzle—how has it happened that China is so different? China, whose poets were writing exquisite poetry, whose artists were painting beautiful pictures, whose craftsmen were making delicate porcelains long before the rest of the world—China, the country that so reluctantly opened its doors to the people of other countries, whose way of life has much for us today. Step by step, China's story is unfolded in Miss Seeger's book, from the days of the legendary kings, through the Chou and the Han dynasties—the very words have a lure

By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, Junior Literary Guild

for us—on and on, to the present day. This is history come to vivid life, a most important book.

Greetings from the Girls of Europe

Some lovable girls come to us from Norway, with their family, in *A Norwegian Family* by Marie Hamsun (Lippincott)—Ingrid who is old enough to leave home and take a position in a near-by town; Martha who is "tall and slender as a young pine"; and the pretty Inger. Here, too, are the boys—Ola who goes to school in Oslo, and who likes to write; Einer who is forever experimenting on this and that, and who has ideas for the family farm. You will enjoy the good times the Langerus family have together, for they are a merry, light-hearted lot. And they are more. There is a fine family loyalty in these boys and girls, and a steady courage.

With some of them, you will go up into the mountains to look after the cattle, and experience moments of real danger. Or you will share with Ingrid her first days of going to work, and her happiness in meeting the young lieutenant. And through it all, you will spend days in that picturesque, splendid country of Norway.

Next come girls of Russia, just before and after the Revolution, in *The Broken Song* by Sonia Daugherty (Thomas Nelson), a story written from the author's own life in her native land. In *The Broken Song*, Masha Oblanoff is waiting for you. Her life in her Russian home, and her visit to a great estate, will seem truly picturesque. You will wish you yourself might have gone to the picnics, to the Russian wedding; and that you might have joined in the house party, and have helped stage *Romeo and Juliet*—though the play itself was never to be given, for, shattering those carefree days, came the news of war.

Very soon life is changed for Masha and her friends. Life in the country is a thing of the past. They are in Petrograd, with minds intent upon a bewildering war. Then comes another shattering change. The turbulent days of the Revolution are at hand. There is fighting on the streets. And with utmost difficulty, the family flee across the border. This is a dramatic story, full of action.

Mysteries in Island Countries

Carmen Gonzalez is a girl of Porto Rico, and what a family she has! Four small brothers and sisters who must be fed and clothed. And to help her, only her brother, Teodoro, old enough to work, assuredly, but a boy who just naturally doesn't care about work. All his interest and attention are centered on his rickety old car. There is nothing for it, then, but for Carmen to take her brother's place on the coffee plantation. But she is not to remain in the coffee fields long. Quite amusingly, Teodoro's car plays a part in giving her the coveted position of nurse girl in the Big House. And had it not been for the mysterious disappearance of Doña Livia's necklace, life would then have been easier for Carmen. But the necklace disappears, and the mystery concerning it must be solved before Carmen wins back her position. *Carmen, Silent Partner* by Chesley Kahmann (Dodd, Mead) is real because the author, like so many of our authors this month, has lived in the country of which she writes.

Our other island mystery story is laid in enchanting Bali, in the Java Sea. It is *Island Adventure* by Adele de Leeuw (Macmillan) and its heroine is an American girl, Peggy Miller, who with her parents, and her brother Jack, are visiting Bali for the first time. It is their good fortune to meet Professor Houten, an archaeologist who is hunting for buried treasure, a priceless Buddha. Yes, this is the start of the mystery, with the baffling clues they unearth leading them through a series of unusual adventures; and with the motion picture plans of another traveling young American, Donald Ware, giving them intimate acquaintance with some native young people and their life. Peggy is a vivacious, alert girl who is naturally interested in the very things around her which would attract our attention if we, too, could visit Bali.

In Fascinating Mexico

And here is a book which will take you to our neighbor Mexico, there to visit the girls and the boys of your own age, sharing their good times, and seeing, through their eyes, the things they love about their own country. It is *Young Mexico* by Anne Merriman Peck (McBride), written from Miss Peck's own acquaintance with Mexico. In this book, you go to the picturesque Alameda market in Mexico City, where you meet Dolores and her brothers and sisters shopping for trinkets for the *Piñata*, the big clay jar which showers presents on the guests at the traditional Christmas *Posada*—and you will decide that this is a most festive,

and delightful way to celebrate Christmas.

From Mexico City you will travel to the provinces, where Mexican girls live in little mountain towns, or in settlements on the edge of the jungle. Perhaps you'll enjoy helping Benita pat and toast *tortillas* for a savory dinner; or you may spend an afternoon in San Pedro, watching young Julio at work on the decorative lacquer bowls for which Tarascans are famous. But wherever you are in this sunny, vivid land of Mexico, you will discover friends who will give you a new idea of work and play across the border from our own country.

For younger readers, Tita is a Mexican girl to enjoy, especially since there is real adventure, and a real mystery, in her book, *Tita of Mexico* by Grace Moon (Stokes). The mystery begins when Tita discovers a hungry boy in the cactus wall of her garden. She feeds him and helps him to escape, and her belief in him is justified in the courage and resourcefulness with which he meets an emergency that involves Tita's own safety. Mrs. Moon vividly gives you Tita's country, and her family and friends.

Where Nations Meet

Many of you are already acquainted with Anne Fenton, whose boarding-school days in this country are to be found in *Anne Alive* by Margaret Doane Fayerweather (McBride). In *Anne at Large* by the same author (McBride), Anne and her friend, Polly Morrow, go to school in Switzerland. In that glorious mountain country, they make friends with girls from many parts of the world. And Anne, to whom adventures seem to happen so naturally, meets a young Englishman whom she is to see again, unexpectedly and mysteriously, under very different circumstances.

Returning to this country, Anne plunges into the whirl of the campaign which is to elect Polly's father, Barrett Morrow, to the Presidency of the United States, and to take Anne and Polly to the White House to live. Mrs. Fayerweather, who is a friend of Mrs. Roosevelt, lived in the White House while she was gathering the material for her story, and the dramatic chapters on international relations and complications, while

imaginary, are nevertheless true to the spirit of real events. There is a wedding in the White House before the story closes, and a realization on the part of the girl, Anne, of the crying need for peace and understanding between the nations of this troubled world.

The World's Beauty

I like to think that girls everywhere enjoy and love the selfsame things—the stars, the birds, the flowers, all the world's beauty. So it is that poems which express our own feelings also express the feelings of girls in other lands. You will find the world's beauty in both *Branches Green* by Rachel Field (Macmillan), and *Poems for Youth* by Emily Dickinson (Little, Brown), books to own and cherish in your own library. Rachel Field writes of such lovely things as *Snow by Night*, *After Rain*, *Wild Honey*; Emily Dickinson of *The First Arbutus*, *The Secret of the Spring*, *The Blue Gentian*, *The Humming Birds*, and *The Wind in Autumn*.

Two Trefoils

(Continued from page 10)

out-by. This is Ruth Rogers from the States, and this is Ishbel Mackay from Invercashy—so here ye are!"

Kind Cousin Mairi bustled out to supply the tea-table afresh, and Ishbel sat down on the edge of a chair and swallowed desperately. Not a word would come from her lips; indeed, she wondered whether the American would understand her language. After all, it was the little trefoil brooch that started things.

"Oh, your pin is *almost* like mine!" cried Ruth Rogers, in perfectly intelligible English, though with an odd accent. "See—the three parts of the trefoil—only mine (wait till I take it off so you can see), mine has an eagle, and yours has a star, and of course mine says 'G.S.'"

Their heads went close together over the badges of their sisterhood, and they suddenly looked at each other, startled—two pairs of gray-blue eyes, not at all unlike.

"I was thinking a gairl from the States would be looking far differently," Ishbel said shyly.

"Not a redskin all over war paint, I hope!" Ruth laughed.

"No, no," Ishbel corrected hastily. "But differently."

"Tell me about your Guide meetings," Ruth urged. "I've been longing to see a Girl Guide, but we haven't been over long, and not in England yet at all. I'd love to see your uniform. I haven't mine with me, worse luck."

"We will be having no uniforms at all," Ishbel confessed, "saving Miss Forbes's—that's the Captain. This will be a poor place, ye ken."

"Oh," said Ruth. "Well, tell me, anyway. Do you live here? Where do you meet? What do you do?"

"I live at Invercashy," Ishbel explained, sitting farther back in her chair. "That will be a wee place, five miles and a bittock up-by. There would be no Guide Company in such a place, ye see."

"I suppose not," Ruth agreed. "That's awfully far away, though. Mercy! Five miles! I live only three blocks away from

the school gym where we meet. How do you get there—drive?"

"I come on my two legs. How else could I be coming, without I happened to meet someone with a lorry, maybe once in the two months or so?"

Ruth's gaze moved from the fire to Ishbel, and then into her tea-cup.

"I wish I worked that hard for my Scouting," she murmured. "Do you go camping, Ishbel?" The Girl Guide from Invercashy looked uncertain, and Ruth pursued, "You know—go away from home in summer, out in a tent or something, cooking your food on a stone fireplace, and all that sort of business?"

ISHBEL brightened. "All the women and gairls will be out at the sheiling in the summer," she said. "That would be the same as the camping, I'm thinking. We take the kine out on the hills while the men are at the fishing, and we are living in wee huts of turf and bracken, looking up-by at the stars, and minding the cattle, and cooking the bite of food out-by on a wee fire. It's grand at the sheiling, for it's no such hard work as the potato-digging and the peat-lifting."

Ruth started to say something, but whatever it was, it proved, perhaps, too difficult. She gazed, bewildered, at the other girl.

"If you will be camping-out in the States," Ishbel went on, her tongue going finely now that she had found the American was only a girl like herself, "you will be finding it unco dangerous, I'm thinking, with all the wild beasts, and the dark forests, and the savages, whiles."

Ruth couldn't help laughing. She hadn't believed it possible to find anybody who knew so little about her country, not even in so remote a part of Great Britain as Kinloch.

"This would be a poor starved place for your camping," Ishbel reflected, after listening to a rather detailed description of Camp Whispering Pine where Ruth had passed three summers. "Here we've just the bens, and the bogs, and the sea. It would be a safe, plain place, but no so pretty nor so

grand as where you've tell me, I'm thinking."

Ruth privately agreed. Daddy might approve of the trout in Loch Lochan, but these bare, mouse-colored hillsides, and barren, mist-hung slopes were pretty tame. Much tea and talk carried the time along, and Ishbel sprang up suddenly, realizing that she had stayed in Kinloch longer than the meeting would have taken. She would have to haste indeed.

"You must get stepping over to our wee place, Invercashy," she told Ruth, with the inevitable Highland courtesy. "You must come and take a bit of tea with us. Perhaps Cousin Norman would fetch you up-by in his Fordcar, if it's running the day."

She wrung Ruth's hand with the vise-like Celtic handclasp, and ran off, bursting with an adventure that more than made up for the missed meeting. The clipped, basal Gaelic phrases flew about the peat-fire flame that night at Invercashy, as mother and grandmother were told of the American, and all that was so strange and yet so familiar about her. Mrs. Mackay was troubled over the necessity of asking the new friend to break bread with them. It must be done, however, by every tenet of Celtic hospitality.

"This is a poor place, and no man in it, and nothing fine," said Mrs. Mackay, "and she that will have been eating off Mairi Murray's Inverness china, and an egg to her tea each day."

"I have thought what we can do!" Ishbel cried suddenly. "Can we not be begging the loan of Cairine micNeacal micTorcul's house? She has fine dishes, and a chimney, and she could be setting out preserves and scones and whatever—and a two-three eggs. We could make up to her after."

"We could do that," Mrs. Mackay decided anxiously, "though it would be a sad long time we will have making up, I'm fearing."

But Ishbel slept joyously in the box-bed, thinking of the invitation to Ruth Rogers, Girl Scout from the State of Boston; thinking of Mrs. MacTorquil's good little house and fine dishes, and the fitting meal she would be able to give so honored a guest.

A few days later, Ishbel was out on the hills, over beyond (Continued on page 38)

Two Trefoils

(Continued from page 37)

the first slope of Ben Craggan. She was carrying along with her a stout rope, and peering this way and that, for she had been sent out to look for Mrs. MacTorquill's hooky-cow, that was so cross, and that would wander as far as Clachmore and have to be dragged back, for no driving would do. She was looking here and there for the hooky-cow—a white cow it was, marked in ugly patches with black, not a handsome cow at all—but inside her mind she was seeing fanciful pictures of a Camp Whispering Pine that Ruth Rogers would never have recognized. She skirted the bottom of Ben Craggan by a trodden sheep path that the cow might have taken. Bare and lonely, the mountain rose beyond her, its head wrapped in the inevitable rain cloud, its sides whitened with leaping streams pouring their way down to fill the rushing Corriedale Water, that made its way at last to Loch Lochan. Below her the bog and moor stretched like motionless brown waves to the distant gray waves of the sea.

SUDDENLY a strange sound woke Ishbel from her day-dream. Below her, at the bottom of the strath, a black and white object was struggling and crying. The hooky-cow! Oh, merciful heavens—Mrs. MacTorquill's poor, single cow mired down in the only sinking-bog between this and Skerry Bay! Peat bogs there were in plenty, where you could be wet to the knee any day if you left the hard ground and tried to cut across them—but this was a sinking-bog, and with but one lass and a length of rope, it would be the end of the hooky-cow. However, a Girl Guide does not stand and look on while any living creature disappears in a sinking-bog—let alone a creature on which a neighbor and friend may depend for part of a livelihood—so Ishbel hurried down the strath, uncoiling her rope.

As she drew nearer, and heard the cries more distinctly, she saw that the black-and-white was not the marking of a hooky-cow, but the white jersey and dark skirt of a human being. Her hair prickled and her scalp went cold, her blood surged and went chill, and then hot again. It was a person in the sinking-bog—a girl. It was Ruth Rogers! A girl was not so heavy as a hooky-cow, and far more cooperative. Ishbel's hope flickered up, but her breath came hard.

"Never fear!" she shouted to Ruth. "How far will ye be bogged down the now?"

"I keep going farther in!" Ruth shrieked. "If I struggle, I go down faster!"

"Bide still, then," Ishbel called.

If the rope was only long enough! Ishbel measured the distance with a dubious eye. She knew that if she ventured into the edge of the bog herself, there would only be two of them sinking there. She uncoiled the rope, remembered, in a strange burst of gratitude to Miss Forbes, to tie a bowline in the end of it, and hurled it out into the waste of brown tussock and black ooze. It fell short, and Ruth groaned.

Then Ishbel slipped off her outer clothing—her skirt, her stockings, her jersey. She had never thought she would bless the torn and frayed edge of that threadbare skirt, but that was what made it possible to tear it into strips. From these and the other things—her only clothes beside those best ones in

the deal chest—she knotted a rope that she fastened with quick, trembling hands to the other, the real rope. She stood there in her woolen petticoat, drawing in the line. She coiled it, threw it. Ben Craggan peered down out of the mist, unhelpfully. But the rope reached. Ruth caught it somehow. She had sunk almost to her waist, as she wriggled her shoulders into the bowline.

Ishbel braced herself against a rock and pulled very cautiously. She did not put much trust in that part of the rope made of what had been her clothes. If she could ease Ruth in, until that part had been passed, then she could pull in earnest. It seemed hours that jersey stretched, knotted stockings almost gave way, worn woolen strips cracked ominously. There was no sound but the gasping of both girls, and the distant bleating of sheep far up on Ben Craggan. At last—at last, stepping as far forward as she dared, Ishbel felt the good strands of the real rope beneath her hands. She pulled then with every ounce of her strength, and Ruth floundered, and struggled, and pushed, and lay at last—white face and black mire, a travesty of the lost cow in color—upon the solid heath beyond the dark peril.

"Was it—a sinking-bog?" she breathed at last.

"Aye," said Ishbel. "It will be best not to leave the roads in this place."

Ruth buried her face in her hands. "I thought I was so clever," she said shakily. "I wanted to walk over and see the Standing Stones—those old Druid things, or whatever they are. Mrs. Murray told me just how to go, by the road. But the road went way around, and I could see the stone circle so plainly. I just started to cut across, the way we do anywhere at home. It looked so easy and plain. Then that—thing got me. It was just a little mud under my feet, at first, and I tried to hurry, and skirt back around the edge—then there *wasn't* any edge—and then—" Ruth stopped, with a shudder.

"Aye," said Ishbel. "There would be dangers here, of course, as well. I would be forgetting them when we were speaking of the savages, and all that. Come away now to Invercashy—it's just a step up-by. Your teeth are knocking together."

SO it was that Ruth had her tea by the peat-fire in the Widow Mackay's house after all. There she sat, dressed in Ishbel's best clothes, for they would hear to nothing else, while Ishbel herself, wrapped in a plaid, hurried about preparing the tea. Mrs. Mackay had run to a neighbor's for an egg, the old grandmother—shuffling about with many a sigh of, "Och ha!"—had laid out crowdie-cheese and cold bannocks on the table. But the tea was hot, and the hard-boiled egg sustaining. Ruth stopped shivering, and looked gratefully around the dark room with its earthen floor, its glimmering crockery in the corner, its black rattle-tree, and kettle hanging from the beam above the comforting circle of the peat-fire.

"This is a poor place we have," Ishbel smiled, "but you are very welcome. My mother is sair troubled, because we were wanting you fine to come and take a meal with us up-by at Mrs. MacTorquill's, the way she has a good house and whatever."

"I love this house," Ruth said quietly, "and all the people in it. I shall never forget

any of it—never, never, as long as I live."

This statement, on being put into quick Gaelic by Ishbel, brought forth a torrent of sighs and apologies and blessings from the two widows, who patted Ruth continually, as if to make up by friendly touches their lack of English with which to welcome her.

"My grandmother is saying it will be a queer thing for you to pass by all the great perils of America, and the dangers of the wide seas, to be bogged like a wandered sheep in this place," the Scottish girl told her guest shyly.

"There are no such perils where I live," Ruth said. "And no such kindness!" she added suddenly.

"My mother has a thought on her," Ishbel announced, after an exchange of Gaelic. "She is fearing to speak it, fearing what you will be thinking of her. But there is a piece of knitting-work here, and she has a thought that it would be a friendly thing if each one put a row of stitches to it—but she is ashamed of speaking this; she has not enough English, ye ken."

THE peat-fire flame rose and waned, and strange lights and shadows leaped about the little room. Outside, a wind cried down from Ben Craggan, and the voice of the sea made itself more insistent. The old grandmother bent her snowy mutch and her dim eyes above the half-knitted jersey, and set her stitches as she mumbled some Gaelic blessing that her lips were seldom without. The Widow Mackay knit quickly, looking mostly out at the sea that had taken two men. Then the work was passed—sunwise for luck—around the circular fire-hole, and Ishbel knit carefully, smiling up shyly at Ruth as she twisted the stitches with deft, work-hardened fingers. Ruth felt clumsy and unworthy as she took over the needles. Her whole being, bewildered by this day that was like no other, was filled with gratitude, and pity, and thanksgiving—and love. She could barely see the stitches. A cold, hideous memory of the sinking-bog rushed blackly between her and the fire. Tears fell faster and faster into the knitting-work.

"The peat smoke," she said, choking. "I'm not used to it."

"My mother is saying," said Ishbel, "that now we are knit all together in kindliness."

There was no post office at Invercashy, and it was some time before Ishbel had it made known to her that a parcel awaited her at Clachmore. As it was the only parcel she had ever received, she lost no time in footing it to Clachmore, and bringing back the astonishing package. It was sent from Edinburgh—from Miss Ruth Rogers at Princes' Hotel. The tweed skirt, the Fair Isle jersey, the worsted stockings, were no more in quantity than the clothes that had been destroyed beside the sinking-bog, but they were more in quality. Ruth had not dared to send all the things her desire prompted; she had learned a little about the proud people among whom she had lived for a time. Even as it was, the Widow Mackay firmly pushed back the lid on the dress-box, and shook her head.

"You will not keep them," she told her daughter. "A Mackay is not paid, even for saving a life."

"It is not meant in payment," Ishbel said. "I am thinking it is not that, Mother, but in

friendliness. See—a letter, and oh, what is this?"

For pinned across the top of the note was a little golden trefoil, with a spread eagle, and the letters G.S. Ishbel puzzled a bit over the dashing hand that Ruth had acquired in an American country day-school.

"... so you simply *must* let me send you these things to take the place of the ones that saved me. And as for my Tenderfoot badge, won't you please wear it beside your Guide brooch—they mean just the same things, you know. Please do! We used to talk a lot in our International meetings about 'our sisters overseas' and all that sort of thing, and I got quite a thrill—but I never knew what it really meant—never the least in the world—until now. So when we both stand up in our meetings, you in Kinloch, and I in Massachusetts, and say, 'A Girl Scout is a Friend to All, and a Sister to every other Girl Scout,' we'll *know* it's true, and not just words. Please don't forget that you have a Girl Scout sister overseas. We are going to England next week, then home..."

Ishbel's face shone. What a wonderful thing to have happened! How she wished she had thought to give Ruth her precious brooch—dear though it was, and hard as it would have been to find a sixpence for another. She could imagine Ruth wearing it, there in the wilds of Massa-Massachusetts, among the redskins and the bears—no, no, no—among the lakes and hills of Camp Whispering Pine. How fine life was, that could bring a friend from so far! She fastened the trefoil beside the clover-leaf on her jersey. Outside, a sheep's lonely bleating mingled with the continuous voice of the sea. Within, the peat-fire flame leaped up and flickered on the Girl Guide brooch and the Girl Scout pin, that meant the same things, even in such a far place as Invercashy. She smiled at her mother, who was sternly folding the tweed skirt.

"Come away, Mother," she said. "It will not be in payment, I am telling you. It will be in kindness. She is my sister—that will be far from this place, and near to my heart's heart from this time out."

International Camps

An International Assembly of Senior Guides will take place in Brussels, Belgium, from July 20 to 30, 1935. The Senior Guides of Belgium will be happy to welcome twenty representatives of the Girl Scouts of America. Visits will be organized to attend the Universal Exposition, the date of which coincides with that of the International Assembly.

An International Camp will be held near Belfast, Ireland, from July 18 to July 29, 1935 and the Girl Scouts of America are invited to send a group of eight delegates. Displays of national folk dances, games and songs will be held during the Camp. Delegates are asked to bring their national costumes.

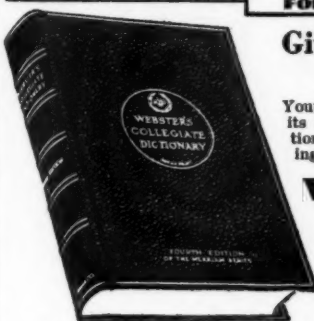
There will also be an International Camp in Poland from July 11 to July 25. For full information on all three camps, apply to Mrs. Lyman Delano, Chairman International Committee, Girl Scouts, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

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Each month for the next five months we will award a first prize of five dollars in cash, second and third prizes of \$2.00 each, and three honorable mention prizes of \$1.00 each, to the six best instances of your influence in family buying. Tell us how you changed the family choice of cars; how you induced your mother to try some new brand of soap, catsup, spaghetti or breakfast food; how you got your sister to send a coupon for a different cleansing cream or nail polish. Tell of the new things which you have purchased personally, from a candy bar to a new fur coat. We want to know what you buy and help to buy each month. No exaggeration, just facts.

OTHER PRIZES

Each month for the same five months readers who fill out the questionnaires that will appear on page 50 of each issue during this contest, honestly, carefully and completely, will receive *without cost* any three of a list of several small-sized bottles, packages, or cartons of merchandise in sample sizes. There will be all sorts of merchandise offered; you may choose any three of those listed in any of the five questionnaires as they appear. All for a postage stamp and a little effort on your part in answering simple questions about the things you do, the things you like and dislike, the home activities you enjoy, etc. Watch for the March issue, out March first!

GRAND PRIZES FOR A VERY FEW

To three of those who answer all five of the questionnaires neatly, fully, carefully, honestly, as they appear month by month, and who tell us of the greatest number of true instances of their influence in family, or personal buying, we will award three prizes—a first Grand Prize of \$10, a second of \$5, and a third of \$3. Judges in all contests will be members of The American Girl Staff.

SEE PAGE 50 IN THE MARCH ISSUE!

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Gypsies in Winter

(Continued from page 7)

more out upon the road, camping in a lonely pasture away from everyone not of their own race.

Voices rise. Taimi is keeping time to the music with his hands. Others join him.

Then there is a knock at the door. The music stops. Those in the circle jump up, and most of them find ways of exit as if by instinct. Taimi's wife finally opens the door and lets in a policeman, who complains that the noise can be heard two blocks away. He looks around the room, but there are only about six adult Gypsies there now, and four or five seemingly sleeping children on the heaps of red feather mattresses over in a corner. But in the center of the room are the copper trays and china plates strewn here and there, and the lingering smell of peppers and chicken.

The policeman goes, however, without more searching, but upon his face is a significant expression which means that the noise must not begin again. One by one the Gypsies steal back into the room, through back windows and a door, most of them complaining, in Romani, of the interference. Suddenly the place becomes a bare room again, as they say good-bye and leave.

All over New York just such gatherings take place all winter long. They will continue through February, perhaps into March. And then they will end. Over night, family by family, the Gypsies will have taken their automobiles, some of them of expensive make, out of dead storage—or bought new cars, perhaps—and will have loaded their children, and feather mattresses, and stoves, and kettles, into them and gone out upon the roads. They will leave a *patteran*, or trail made by signs of leaves and sticks along the road, behind them, so that other Gypsies may follow.

And you will see some of them, maybe, camping along the Hudson River, winding their way up towards Canada. Or you may see others in Ohio, and Illinois, and Iowa—or South, or North, or West. Always there will be tents, and kettles over wood fires, and the smell of smoke mingled with onions and pork, or chicken. And when Gajos aren't about, there will be strange melodies around their fires, and songs in the Romani tongue, and stories of distant countries where some of them have traveled before coming to the United States. There will be weddings, and days of feasting, and funerals, and days of mourning. And there will be new dresses, and dancing, and singing.

Once the Gypsies moved about only in wagons drawn by horses. In America, it is true, they have changed their mode of traveling from vans to automobiles, but they are still Gypsies. They will never change that.

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Make Your Own Clothes

Dainty lingerie is dear to the heart of every girl, and a set of chic pajamas is a joy: make them for yourself or your friends

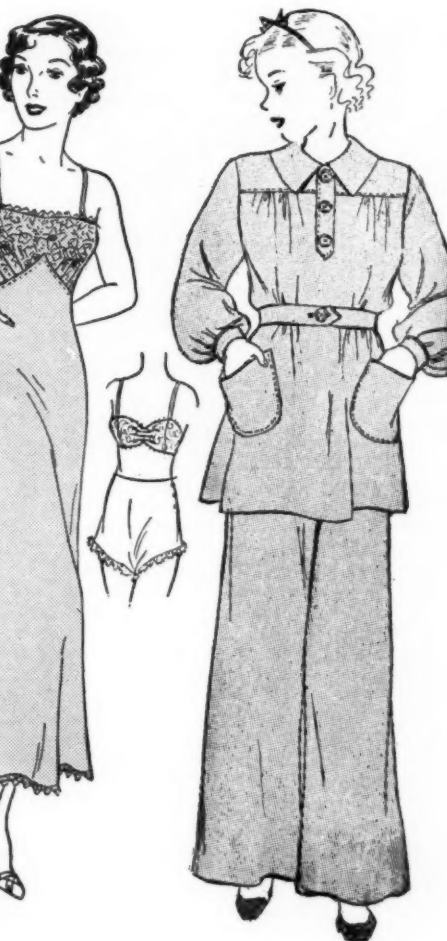
By ELIZABETH ANTHONY

SOMETHING this time to please everyone, for all girls who like to sew enjoy making lingerie. The experienced sewer may choose the Butcher Boy pajamas, and proudly demonstrate a number of things she has learned from previous articles—such as bound buttonholes, shirring, top stitching, French seams, etc.; and the beginner can't go wrong on either one of the others. It wouldn't surprise me if you should make up all three articles before you hear from us again.

For the pajamas, cotton, broadcloth, silk, flannel or velveteen would be good—it depends on how "dressy" you wish to appear. Consult your pattern before buying material. This style requires from 5 to 6¾ yards, depending on size, and whether long or short sleeves are desired. Place the blue instruction sheet before you, and be guided by its every detail. This pattern allows for ½ inch seams. Mark notches with thread of contrasting color, or tailor's chalk. Cut them if you prefer, but not the full depth as indicated on the pattern—⅜ inch deep is quite sufficient.

If you like zipper fasteners—and who doesn't?—you may have one at the neck opening of the blouse, instead of the buttons and bound buttonholes. To do so, in cutting the front yoke "C", add ⅜ inch to the center front line; and when cutting "B" front of blouse, which is placed on fold of material, disregard the cutout at the top of the blouse, but slash on fold to same depth. Join the yoke to the blouse, and turn the edge of the opening underneath, on each side, one half the width of the zipper—baste along the fold, and stitch as close to the zipper as you possibly can.

Slip and panties are easily made, and they are easy to wear. They may be made on the lengthwise or bias of the material. Make French seams on the sides. The top of slip may be made of all-over lace, or self-material. Finish at the top and lower edge with narrow lace. Panties may be finished at the lower edge with lace, or with a bias fold. For the most effective top stitching, and for applying



PATTERN FOR THE SLIP—E4262—IS 15C AND COMES IN SIZES 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. PANTIES AND BRASSIÈRE—E3912—15C, IN SIZES 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. THE PAJAMAS—E4760—25C, IN SIZES 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

lace on lingerie, there is an attachment for your sewing machine which does the stitch found on better made lingerie. The lace is first basted on, or seams requiring top stitching turned and basted, as at joining of bras-like top of slip. Using the zigzag attachment to your sewing-machine, stitch on right side of garment.

Here is an easy way to make narrow straps. Cut strips of material either on the bias or lengthwise, about ¾ inch wide. Fold in center, bringing edges together. Tie a good firm knot at end of a twine string, insert in fold of strip, drawing knot slightly beyond the end and stitch across the end, catching the

string securely. With string against the fold of material, stitch the two edges together, taking about ⅛-inch seam. To turn, pull string from free end, drawing knot through and turning strap at same time. Press and stitch on edges. This prevents straps from twisting.

Let me remind you of some of the things we must always keep in mind if our sewing is to turn out well: Buy the pattern according to age or bust measurement; consult the pattern for yardage requirements; pin one-half of the pattern together, overlapping seam allowances, and hold up to you to determine length; check the pattern against your measurements; alter the pattern to correspond with your measurements if necessary; place the pattern lengthwise of material unless otherwise instructed; pin securely; put in pattern markings, making tailor's tacks, or mark with chalk for darts, tucks, center front and back and notches, before removing your pattern; handle the material with greatest care to prevent stretching and getting out of shape.

We expect to have something entirely new for you in the next sewing article, and we believe you will enjoy it. In the meantime, we wonder how many things you have learned already, or will learn, about making your own clothes. Don't you like the idea?

There have been many useful hints on sewing in previous articles of this series. In January 1934, tips on bias folds; February 1934, bound buttonholes; April 1934, bias binding and sewn buttonholes; May 1934, how to alter patterns; October 1934, tension of thread and size of stitch; November 1934, shrinking and pressing various materials; January 1935, putting in sleeves smoothly.

Send orders for patterns to the American Girl Fashion Editor, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York. Be sure to give the number of the pattern, and to enclose the necessary amount in stamps or coins. Our fashion book, containing a variety of designs for dresses, coats and lingerie costs 10c.

A Day in the Fields

(Continued from page 18)

luscious melons in the dry Steppes. His four sons might have walked out of a poem of Omar, with their narrow waists, tall, black caps, and gleaming teeth.

For half an hour, there was nothing but munching of pink melons, the animals joining and joyfully crunching the juicy, green skins. Gerasim and his boys strutted about like gaudy peacocks among the earth-stained, grey peasants. Then again the whistles shrilled, and we rushed back to work, but with moist throats and lighter movements. The sun was setting, there was no danger of rain, the day had gone well and would soon be done.

Six, seven, eight! It was getting dark and near the end of our appointed task. The last whistles sounded shrilly in the evening air; how strange it looked, the immense flat space so closely cropped that black earth showed

through the stubble, with straight rows of squat stacks, running away into a pin point on the sky line. And how weary we were, and yet how happy!

What was left in the gourds was used for a hasty wash; my hands were so sore that the warm water stung like acid; my face was burned copper red; my back—but never mind, it had been a lovely, lovely day, never to be forgotten.

The wagons were filled with straw, and the girls rode home slowly in the cool of the evening, plaiting their long hair, gazing at the stars overhead, whispering to the lads walking by the side of the oxen. Somebody sent us up a capful of sunflower seeds; Ganna, grinning, handed round a tin of toffee from England. The night was fragrant, still, peaceful, intensely blue; and we sang, gently, for we were very tired and sleepy, and happy. The moon came out to shed her cool

radiance on the straight, white road, the silver heads of the oxen, the watchful poplars, the billowing sea of uncut grain, and the white cottages of our village in the distance. We sang softly, as if in a dream, lulled by the measured tread of our platinum steeds. Such a full and happy day was behind us, such a blue and wonderful world stretched above us, and such a golden and mysterious future lay in front of us.

The barking of dogs brought us down to earth, the dear earth that had given us this day in the fields. Lads and lasses burst into a gay song as we entered the farm yard; the overseers and men gathered round, there were shrill laughter and quick repartee, black eyes flashed, and jokes and compliments flew. Ganna and I, hand in hand, walked away slowly to the big house which was calling to us with its many lighted windows as the big bell tolled the bedtime hour.

Eleven Countries Send International Greetings

(Continued from page 31)

authority, i. e., Russia. Oh, how far were we not from this!

In this way the first Scouting was put to sleep, and for many a long year it lived only in our hearts. Despite this, the longing for liberty, for adventure and activity, and for fitness, survived in all of us. When Finland, in 1917, stood liberated from the depressing fetters as an independent State in Europe, the Youth gathered together again. A mass recruiting in the spring of 1917 resulted in a great parade at which thousands of children rallied round the banner, the banner of Youth with the Scout fleur-de-lys in shining silver.

The guiding of thirteen thousand new Scouts would certainly have turned out a failure from the very beginning, had not the summer of Finland again intervened to the benefit of Scouting and Youth. During the summer vacations the enthusiasm of the "show Scouts" cooled down considerably, and out of the thousands there remained only about a tenth in the autumn.

All the same, now we had to get trained leaders. It was less difficult than before, as we had now definite tests and badges to go by. More and more we changed over to work according to foreign patterns, both English and Swedish, and now we, in Finland, have already something to boast of. We have three Associations with uniform organizations; we have a number of big troops working with a purpose according to approved Guide principles. We run regular summer camps with real tents, and managed in accordance with the rules of the Movement. The girls are getting Guiding, and the leaders are trained by traveling advisors.

As time passes, the more stable does the Guide Work grow in Finland. We are happy to be able to carry on with Guiding in the land of thousands of lakes and forests where Nature offers wonderful possibilities for Guides and Scouts.

From France

Dear Sister-Across-the-Sea,

I would like to give you a glimpse of Guiding as it is lived by us French girls,

for how are we to fraternize without knowing each other? And I would like you to know us, for the ocean, no matter how vast it is, should not be the limit of friendship.

Of course the first thing is that Scouting in all countries is something fine and *chic* which can transform people and their lives. At least that is how we French Guides understand it. Our law commands us, after the loyalty to God and country, the smile at home. "The duty of a Guide begins at home." Perhaps this seems queer to your more independent spirit, but don't worry; though living happily with our elders, we can always, from time to time, escape from the family domicile, say on sunshiny Sundays, for hikes into the country and across "hill and dale." Also at Easter, and in July when we have vacation, we go off for one or two weeks to some alluring corner of France (and there are plenty of these). And there, sheltered by a tent, or a rustic lodge, we live fully and joyously the life of Girl Guides, dividing our time between work at camp, different crafts, excursions, and our favorite games: trailing, Indians, hand-ball.

I want to tell you about the company—how do you call it? It is a family composed of two to four teams, which are smaller groups of six to eight Guides. The company is directed by the Chieftain and her assistant; our general activities are undertaken by the company, while in the teams we work at crafts and other specialties. The company is itself within the district, the district in the province. And all this organization forms finally just one big family: the "Movement" in which the Guides work for the team, the team for the company, the company for the district, and so on . . . and this makes something really quite magnificent when each unit does its part well.

There, dear sister Guide, is a rapid outline of our organization.

I would also like to tell you of our spirit. It is quite simple: we aim to be, according to our law, our religion, and our country—Scout, Christian, French. Judge for yourself what that is, when it is perfectly realized.

And then what I like especially is just the plain, simple friendship which unites us all so happily. But I am sure it is the

same thing with Guides in other countries.

I should like it so much, in my turn, if you would tell me about the American Guides, what they do, and what their ideal is. May a great jamboree some day unite us with all the Guides of all the world!

From a Swedish Girl Scout

I live in Malmö, and I am a Girl Scout. Malmö is the third largest city in Sweden, and is a large commercial city. It is located on the coast of the Baltic Sea, and opposite it on the Danish coast is Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. A ferry runs between these two points (Malmö and Copenhagen).

Malmö is located in the province of Skåne. This province is made up of plains, as far as one's eye can reach. Above these plains rise church spires and castle-like estates, and huge farms. The view over the plains is so wide-stretched that sometimes one can see as many as thirty to forty church spires, representing as many townships and villages. Here and there the landscape is dotted with windmills. The old farm-houses that are seen in Skåne are often built with the dwelling house surrounded by barns and stables, something like a fort. Most of these old farm-houses have their roofs thatched with straw. There are no great forests in Skåne—instead, there is an abundance of deciduous trees planted around the farms and around the estates. One often finds large and beautiful parks around estates.

Skåne is the southernmost province in Sweden. It has numerous beautiful lakes—Vättern and Vänern being among the largest ones. Vättern looks very much like a huge mountain lake and is in places over three hundred feet in depth, with water so clear that in calm weather one can see the bottom of the lake where the water is about thirty to forty feet deep.

Here in Sweden Girl Scouting is quite wide-spread. A girl, as a rule, is about eleven years old when she joins a troop. The first thing she is told about is the aim of Girl Scouting, which is to become a good woman, a woman who will not let her faults stand in the way of success, but will fight them to the end. A Girl Scout tries to be as helpful as possible, especially to children and old people. A Girl Scout develops

both physically and spiritually, as a rule.

I belong to the Y. W. C. A. (K.F.U.K.) Girl Scout organization. In Malmö we have four Girl Scout troops. The one I belong to is the "Magnus Stenbock" troop. The troop is divided into four patrols, and in each one we have from eight to ten girls. We meet every Friday at 7 o'clock P. M. At these meetings we work, laugh, talk, and sing. We do first aid, mapping, knot-tying, etc. Sometimes we plan hikes, either for a patrol, or for the entire troop. We often hike to our camping places, but if it is far, then we take a train or bus. On these trips we learn to use maps and compass, and very often we follow trails, and we learn many other things that will stand us in good stead later in life.

Sometimes the younger Girl Scouts can attend a camp—I have only attended two, both of them being three-day camps. At one of them we camped with another troop, and you cannot imagine what fun we had! After the patrol organized, we "settled in." We filled our mattresses with straw and made our beds. Then we cooked our supper and, in the evening, had our camp fire.

The next morning we rose at eight, with the exception of the patrol which had to prepare breakfast. They had to be up at seven. After breakfast, and after putting camp in order, we played games and did some Girl Scout work. The evening of the third day found us on the station platform, waiting for the train to take us back to the city, with happy memories of our camping.

From Switzerland

This being such a large subject, I'd like to speak first of those days in the year which bring us the greatest activity: camp.

We usually camp once a year, in summer. Sometimes we camp for two or three days in winter, in the mountains, to ski. But the real camp is the summer one.

We leave in the beginning of July and camp usually in the Alps, sometimes in the Jura. Several of the leaders go three days ahead of us to prepare the chalet.

On our arrival we find our mattresses already filled with straw, and the kitchen organized, for we do our own cooking, whether in the kitchen, or on a stove outdoors.

In the morning about seven o'clock, the leader sounds reveille. Quickly we get up, dash to the brook to wash ourselves, and have a quarter of an hour of gymnastics. After this the leader raises the flag.

Some of us have left our beds before the others in order to prepare breakfast. This is a copious repast of cocoa, bread and jam.

Our dishes washed in the brook, the leader distributes the duties of the day. Each patrol has a different job. Some put the camp in order, others prepare vegetables, etc.

At ten o'clock the dormitory, as well as the large assembly room, is in perfect order; in the kitchen the pots are on the fire which crackles cheerfully. The quarter-

master surveys our bubbling stew with an experienced eye. Round about the camp, the ground has been swept, and the bathroom has been tidied.

A blast on the whistle. The leader calls the campers together and proceeds with inspection. After this the cooks return to their pots, while their companions play, dance, or sing until dinner time. Afterward, each one chooses a quiet and picturesque spot to spend a quarter of an hour in silence, and in admiring the beautiful landscape. The afternoon is filled with patrol meetings, or other activities: botany, first aid, or signalling.



LADY BADEN-POWELL, CHIEF GUIDE, WITH A GROUP OF GIRL GUIDES AT OUR CHALET



BELGIAN GUIDES PERFORM A NATIONAL DANCE, BROUGHT LONG AGO FROM PERU

Unfortunately camp doesn't last always. After ten days passed in the open, we must descend again to the town. There we are reunited once a week, in patrol or section meetings.

During the good weather we love to hike through the woods and the fields, and study Nature. When the first cold arrives, we go out with our little wagons and collect dead wood which we distribute to poor families. If rain prevents our going out, we work at headquarters, making different things: knitting, carving wood, embossing leather, or painting.

Our patrols also visit sick people in the hospitals and homes; sometimes we read for them, or sing. Then, too, we enjoy preparing little surprises: toys, or warm clothes for the needy families we visit at Christmastime.

Troop-life in Denmark

We stand as members of a world-organization, we belong to one body—but we *live* our Scout life in one troop. Our troop is divided into seven patrols. We meet once a week. At that time we have some festive activities, such as contests and awarding of medals.

We have also "patrol excursions." These are frequently made on bicycles. We fasten our baggage on the back of our bicycles, and then we are ready to start. Our goal is the forest, where we find plenty of opportunities to study botany; or perhaps we may find a new forest, with small trees, suitable for camping.

On account of our climate, we usually have patrol week-ends in the summer, from June to August. Then we can sleep in tents, barns, summer camps, or the like. Some Saturday afternoons after school, we pack our knapsacks and start out toward the coast, or deep into the woods, to have a happy week-end combined with practical training and good comradeship.

The troop excursions are the greatest events of the year. All Scouts then come together and have practical training, or take long hikes, depending on the time of the year. These troop excursions create good comradeship within the group. In a similar manner the Scouts also enjoy their troop meetings. At these occasions there are gala entertainments—competitions, songs, and many other things.

In this way, the troop lives on all through the year, until summer vacation arrives and offers many great experiences.

Denmark is the ideal country for camping. We go out with our tents, preferably to some woods, or to a beach, and spend a real Danish summer.

From Greece

Why do we love Guiding so much? I will not speak subjectively but generally, because I am persuaded that every girl, from the youngest to the oldest, has the same love for Guiding. Once a week we meet for two hours in our clubroom, which we call *Estia*; and there every girl forgets her troubles. She becomes

gay and laughs in the happy atmosphere.

How many things a girl can learn in this family, which has so many charms and so many fine qualities—love, sistership, solidarity, truthfulness, honor, courage, purity, and economy. She gets used to all these, without the pedantry of a lesson and the fear of a teacher, but with an amusing system full of affection for the Captain.

A great point in our new life is made of excursions and camping. It is then we realize the greatest beauty of Guiding; then we cook, we get our own food, we rule our little Guide town, which, every summer, changes its position from one to another island, or large beach.

Among the privileges of Guiding, one of the best is the spirit of sisterhood that unites us not only with Greek Guides, but with our sisters in other countries.

Wake Up!

(Continued from page 14)

ed, and flowers ran riot. No, she looked out, hour after hour, at that great, blue, level floor of the Mediterranean. It held her; she could not look away. At Mentone a cab took them, stiff and weary, up to the cousin's *pension*, and there Cousin Pierre lifted Lucie up and carried her to a room in the attic.

At first, Lucie was content to lie on the yellow sand and look dreamily at the sea. But one morning, soon after their arrival, Cousin Pierre woke her early, and took her down to the beach where fisher folk were drawing in their net. A hundred feet apart stood two rows of men and women, each row drawing in one of the end ropes of the net. Slowly but steadily they drew in the ropes, hand over hand, with exquisite economy of rhythmic muscular motion. When the net was well in to shore, one could see the foam and fury of lashing silver tails.

Lucie, watching, began to think, and the burden of her thought was, "I am useless." She walked back to the *pension* with a grave, fixed attention. By the time they reached the door, she had amplified her thought—"I am a useless burden." When she stood wiping the breakfast dishes for Cousin Lisette, she concluded, "I am very unpleasant, also. And very selfish." But it was only when she lay in her cot that night, in the attic room beside Aunt Ophelie's cot, that she asked herself a question. "What am I going to do about it?"

The next afternoon, in her prettiest gown, she walked along the promenade with Aunt Ophelie. On one side was a long line of great hotels, their buff faces seeming to smile, although their green or blue shutters were discreetly closed against the hot sun. Below the low cliff, on the other side, merry groups of bathers splashed about in the sea.

"Since you can swim, Lucie," suggested Aunt Ophelie, "why not do so?"

Lucie demurred. "But I have no bathing suit, Aunt Ophelie."

"But yes," said Aunt Ophelie, smiling slyly to herself, "I brought one for you."

The next morning you might have seen Aunt Ophelie sitting on the sand among the nurses and children, while Lucie stood at the water's edge, like a timid green mermaid, trying to get up enough spirit to enter the water. It was early, and no swimmers had yet come down from the hotels. Most of the children were building sand castles, or hunting for shells. Only one small lad, a six-year-old who could swim a bit, had gone into the water while his rosy-cheeked English nurse stood at the water's edge, promising him dire punishments if he went any further out.

It was this little chap's laughing face and beckoning hands that drew Lucie at length into the water. And how it thrilled her, that first plunge, and the unforgotten strokes that carried her along. She felt with delight her old strength, that had ebbed away while she had lain idle, flooding back warmly, renewing her vitality—renewing her courage to live and her will to do!

"There now!" said Aunt Ophelie to herself. "Didn't I know what she needed? Of a surety, I did!"

Aunt Ophelie closed her eyes placidly. Drowsiness overcame her. Her thoughts of

The Blue Sheep, of Filomene, of her husband and sons, seemed to be receding to some dim distance—were blurred—went out of sight.

Then suddenly a sharp, shrill scream of terror awoke her. The English nurse was wringing her hands as she stood knee-deep in the water, while up on the promenade people ceased to walk and gathered in excited groups. Out on that sparkling blue surface a curly head bobbed helplessly, and a small arm was raised. Then head and arm disappeared. Nearer shore a sleek head and limbs, moving with steady strokes towards the drowning child, caught Aunt Ophelie's eye. Could that be Lucie? Aunt Ophelie gasped with astonishment and fright.

The child's head appeared again for a moment, and he gave a frightened, spluttering cry. His nurse, in her entangling garments, was wading bravely out towards him, waist deep in the water. The children on the beach, sensing something was wrong, began to cry. Up on the promenade, several women were hurrying back to the hotel to get help.

Beechknoll

By HARRIET R. BEAN

Across the somber woods
The beeches' silver fingers trace,
With interwoven lines,
Strange delicate designs
Like frosty lace
Veiling a wintry window's face.

But Lucie's strength had not come entirely back. Suddenly, with terrible fright, she felt herself tiring. For an instant she turned over and floated to regain her poise. When she urged herself on again she saw, not far away, a little white face scarcely above the water. Her heart rose up in a desperate prayer as a lark rises—straight to heaven. Her mind leaped to the rescue as a greyhound leaps—straight to its goal. With sobbing breath she pushed onward.

And now a shout went up from the promenade as two guardsmen in bathing suits, lithe and bronzed, ran leaping down the beach, plunged into the sea, and with powerful strokes cleft the blue water. But even before they reached the boy, Lucie had reached him, had put an arm around him, had turned again to regain the shore. But about her the sun-drenched air was turning black. She was going down. Then a strong arm seized her and she knew no more.

She was lying on the sand when she became conscious again of warm sunlight and sweet, warm air. She opened dazed eyes.

"You saved him, Lucie!" said her aunt's voice in her ear. "Do you hear me, child? You saved the little one. Look yonder."

Lucie sat up. One of the guardsmen, with the boy in his arms, was climbing the stairs up the cliff to the promenade. The boy was crying lustily, for he hadn't had a very pleasant experience. Indeed he wasn't having a very pleasant experience at the mo-

ment, for the little English nurse, hastening after him, was giving him a sharp and determined piece of her mind.

The other guardsman stood by Lucie's side. "Now," he said, "if Mademoiselle will permit, I will carry her home." As he spoke, he lifted her up and threw her across one shoulder as he would a bag of flour, and with Aunt Ophelie following, he carried Lucie up to the *pension* and gave her into Cousin Lisette's care.

"She's only a handful, Madame," he said, "but *sapristi!* She did a very neat job!"

That night Lucie, wearied by her unaccustomed exertion, slept soundly. And in the early morning she awoke, for the first time in many months, with a feeling of happiness and of energy. She had saved a life! She had been of use in the world! How good God was! What a happy place, after all, was the world to live in!

The next day the boy's mother and the boy and the nurse (not quite so rosy-cheeked as usual) came to see Lucie, and the mother was anxious to do something for her, since she had saved her son.

"But, Madame," said Lucie, "so much was done for me while I was going after your boy. It was then that I—I came alive! Indeed, Madame, there isn't anything left that anyone *could* do for me!"

Aunt Ophelie explained, Madame kissed Lucie, and they all laughed gayly and let it go at that.

A week later Aunt Ophelie and Lucie arrived home, and how Uncle Jules and the boys did stare at this new cousin; a Lucie whose face was smiling, whose flesh was becoming firm, whose step, no longer languid, had spring and purpose in it, who even laughed! It was really too good to be true.

"Me, I shall wait a week, and see if it lasts," said Filomene philosophically.

On the following day near noon, in a pink dress and white apron, Lucie appeared in the café, ready to take orders. She had a knowing smile in her eyes.

Presently Monsieur Panton entered, took his seat at his favorite table, and became absorbed in a newspaper. Lucie stood at his elbow, but he did not so much as look up. Picture to yourself, then, whether or no he was astonished when a fist pounded upon the table, and a gay young voice cried, "Wake up!"

Monsieur Panton sat up and ordered briskly. Inside a quarter of an hour, Monsieur Gastonnet was treated in like fashion. He, however, jumped to his feet and threatened to arrest Lucie. And finally, when Professor Fremiet mildly gave his order, Lucie confided to him that "*Wake up!*" was going to be her motto for the rest of her life.

That evening, at supper in the back parlor behind the café, when Roger and Emile looked across the table at their cousin, they realized that this was the kind of girl they had hoped Lucie was going to be. Like the flowers in the meadows of the Midi, she had burst into sudden joyous bloom.

Filomene, carrying out the fish platter, and going to the pantry for the apple tart, shook her head, half-grumbling, half-laughing.

"Oo-o-o, la, la! The little one will have us all eating out of her hand presently. *Obé*, yes, if you ask me!"

A Message to Our Readers

(Continued from page 25)

airplanes flying round the globe and blotting out the unknown. The center of Africa is no longer closed; American merchants trade with people in every country. Gradually we have become dependent upon other countries through trade relations; and they in turn have become dependent upon us. Mutual dependence has stimulated mutual interest. News of foreign affairs appears in our morning newspapers, and the whole family discusses world events.

We are beginning to ask ourselves why it is that men of different countries should kill each other, just because they can't agree. And once we begin seriously to ask that question we are taking one step toward its solution. Because it is a complicated old world, we shall not find it easy to mend all the troubles at once, but we all can help by active thinking and constructive action.

EACH and every one of us can play a powerful part in helping to make this age-long dream of mankind come true, for the thoughts and beliefs of each and every one of us are part of public opinion. We can determine to cast our influence for a new order—a world of understanding, and of good and friendly feeling.

Perhaps you are already interested in what the girls and boys of other countries are doing, and thinking, and saying. One of the best ways I know of learning about other nations is to read travel books, with descriptions of unusual places and customs. It is a fine idea, when reading of foreign countries and towns, to have a large map near at hand, or a globe of the world on which to hunt up the location of these unknown spots. At the same time, remember that in each spot people are living, and playing, and eating, very much as you and your family are doing in your own home. I know of a man who, while sitting right at home in his own library, took a trip around the world. With a schedule (obtained from a steamship company) of the places where "Around the World" cruise boats stop, and a globe at his elbow, this wise man located each place

on the day that the ship stopped there. Then by reading a short or long story about that place, he himself traveled in imagination.

If you have the instinct of the collector, there are many things you can do, such as collecting stamps, post cards, and embroidery which will bring you nearer to foreign countries. A friend of mine is a collector of dolls. She started, as a child, collecting paper dolls from around the world, and now she has a valuable collection, which she still continues on a more elaborate scale. She knows, too, all about the countries those dolls come from.

It is extremely interesting to find, among one's own friends, someone who was born, or has lived in another country, who had different ways of celebrating holidays, who had different games to play, and different songs to sing. If none of your own friends have had these fascinating experiences, ask their grandparents, or their aunts and uncles, for they may have spent their childhood in foreign lands.

Many people either do not know, or are apt to forget, that many of the beautiful pictures which we have hanging on our walls, or see in museums, are painted by artists living far away from us, in other countries. It is nice to think when we meet Italian girls and boys, that it was the Italians who painted some of the world's most beautiful pictures, and made some of the loveliest statues that we have seen. It is fun to remember that the German people we know are related in blood to the Germans who gave to the world the Wagner operas and Strauss waltzes. When you see a painting, it will be doubly interesting if you find out about the place in which it was painted. Do the same thing with photographs you see in the newspapers and magazines; find out about the countries in which those photographs were taken.

To do all these things and many more, to think of other people, to enjoy their pleasures, and to understand their problems, is to widen your horizon, cultivate your intellect, and become more interesting and worthwhile, not only to yourself, but also to those around you.

The Heedless Haydens

(Continued from page 24)

mark on the scale with red crayon. Even then Mary Martha could not be trusted to apportion feedings. On her generous days, she fed the little gluttons till their sides bulged; on her tight-handed days, she skimmed their rations till they ran after her and the bucket, bawling reproachfully. Joe had come into possession of his "very own" calf. He named her "Remember," and every morning he dawdled over her feeding while Ruble, the bob-tailed silver fox, kept near, hoping there would be some milk left in the bucket.

Skipper Ann was working hard to introduce her Egyptian Balm into all the homes on the plains. Every afternoon after school she set forth on the paunchy Tillie. But there weren't twenty-four homes within a rideable radius.

To help the cause, Murdock purchased one. Bendy and Joe each took one—to be paid for when they sold the first can of

cream. But seventeen still remained to be sold. "I'll go out Saturday and sell the rest," said Skipper Ann.

A born optimist was the youngest Hayden. Every day she looked for Ben. Every evening she set a place for him at the table. Every night tears rolled down her cheeks because Ben was not there to rock her.

Ben had written to Skipper Ann. He told her that he was taking Professor Duteau's car, and driving down into the New Mexico mountains to capture some wild turkey toms. Bendy who, even as Skipper Ann, found herself looking and longing for Ben, had written him all about the cows, and how hard the family was working—and how they missed him.

Saturday was a blustery cold day. In vain they tried to discourage Skipper Ann on her balm-selling campaign. "But just think, Bendy, it's only thirty-nine cents instead of seventy-five. People (Continued on page 46)

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The Heedless Haydens

(Continued from page 45)

will thank you for telling them about it."

It was long after dark, and Joe had hung a lantern on the windmill for guidance when Skipper Ann returned. She was radiant and flushed with happiness and cold, but too tired to eat the withered plate of supper Laura had kept for her.

She had sold all her Egyptian Balm! Now she was sure to get Chieftain! Bendy drew the tired, excited child up to her lap. She pulled the shoes off, warmed the cold feet. "Here, Skipper, drink your milk."

"Who bought the salve?" demanded Joe. "Gosh, you had seventeen jars."

"Egyptian Balm," corrected Skipper Ann. Well, she had had a terrible time because Tillie kept trying to come home all the time—

"She would!" said Bendy. "Trying to get back to her colt—the old softy!"

And when Skipper Ann got off to open gates, Tillie would start back, and Skipper would have to run to catch her. But she had met All-alone Smith on the way to Slow Water, and she had asked her to buy some Egyptian Balm. And All-alone Smith did.

"God save us!" said Mary Martha.

"Selling Egyptian Balm to that old pelican! I always told you," Murdock said proudly, "that that kid could fall in a swirl pail, and come out smelling like a rose."

MARY MARTHA often voiced this thought in a different way. For Skipper Ann, as a tiny child, was always getting lost and found again, getting in the path of runaway horses without being touched—and once she pulled a teakettle of boiling water off the stove and hadn't been scalded. Mary Martha explained it thus; that when a baby's mother died at its birth, the Blessed Mother herself took the baby's small hand in hers, and guided the child throughout the years.

"But you still had sixteen left?" prompted Laura.

Skipper Ann smiled raptly. "The nicest man bought them. He came riding up on a horse—the prettiest horse. He's the new neighbor—you know, the hateful neighbor. But he was nice—honest, Bendy."

Bendy wondered why her heart should come skimming up in her throat at mention of the new neighbor, the *hateful* neighbor.

"He lives at the Dwight ranch with Thomassa and Bernardo," said Skipper Ann. "They're servants."

"I wish we had servants," said Laura enviously. "Just like in English books where a servant brings in tea and crumpets."

Ann went on. "Thomassa came up here to the Dwight ranch with him to put red pepper in his soup; and Bernardo came so, if he was kicked by a horse—if Don Jimmy was—Bernardo could pray for him. Thomassa calls him Don Jimmy—though his name is just Jim. Jim Thorne. But don't you think Don Jimmy sounds nice, Bendy?"

"It sounds silly," said Bendy shortly. "She's a Mexican, and that's why she calls him that. It's what they call the Mexicans who own land, and ride around on a horse, and think they're somebody—a don!"

"But who bought your salve—you had sixteen left?" This from Joe.

"Egyptian Balm," corrected Skipper Ann again patiently. "He did."

"All sixteen? I never heard of such a

thing! What does he want so many for?" Laura wanted to know.

"For bunions," answered Skipper Ann happily. "He said that all his family had bunions; and that he got more bunions from girls stepping on his feet at dances; and he was sure, when he got married, all his children would have bunions."

Everyone laughed—quite merrily and happily with Skipper Ann, because a nice man had bought all her Egyptian Balm. Everyone, that is, but Bendy. She remembered how the new neighbor had said, "I hear you youngsters are having it tough." She didn't want his pity, or his charity.

"And they gave me little cakes made out of corn meal," went on Skipper Ann, "and Thomassa mended the holes in my mittens. I told Don Jimmy I was lonesome for Ben, and he told me to come over when I got lonesome."

"Don't you go back," Bendy said sharply. "I'm ashamed of you, going over there and telling him our family affairs—and hinting for favors from him."

The little girl's lips trembled. "I didn't tell him family affairs. I told him Laura read about character—and that you were the fightiest twin. I like the hateful neighbor."

Bendy picked her up in her arms, and wiped away the tears. Why should she pass on her own hurt and resentment to the loving, the long-legged, the lonely Skipper Ann? She pulled the rocker close to the stove, and sang to Skipper Ann about Gerty, the whale, who—when she yawned—showed the bad little boys, and cream puffs, and hairbrushes, which she had previously swallowed.

At last the cream can was full enough to take to Slow Water to be tested and paid for, at Ab Drummy's cream station. Many were the speculations as to just how many dollars and cents were in its clabbered gallons. Mary Martha added the evening's cream to it, Bendy ate a hurried supper and, with Joe's help, loaded the heavy can into the back of their rattly old car.

Laura, as usual, was at her sister's heels, scolding because Bendy had forgotten to mend the blue dress, still torn out at the seams, and had to wear instead a faded blue shirt and corduroys. "Your appearance, as you pass along, is all the world has to judge you by," she quoted reprovingly.

THE car never felt the same to Bendy after Murdock had driven it. He was a miserable driver. "Too cussed many gadgets to think about," he complained. Sometimes, after his driving, the car felt stiffly sullen, but tonight it had a flighty, unsure feel as she started off. She changed the spark back to where it belonged, and shifted the hand gas feed to its customary position.

Autumn's early dusk was settling like a gray veil over the plains when she stopped and struggled with the gate between Rocking Chair and Smith land. All-alone Smith made it tight, as though savagely to exult that her arm muscles were stronger than theirs.

As Bendy wrenched at the gate, Goosie came puffing down the road, begging to get into the car. "It's a wonder you haven't got athlete's heart," Bendy scolded her, but she let her in.

Goosie began her usual whimpering as

they passed the bleak house on the hill, with its menacing dog. A ghost of fear touched Bendy as she remembered the specter-like figure that had stood and challenged them through the weary dusk, "*But will you laugh when your hands are empty?*"

Stars were poking through a lavender sky, and clumps of sagebrush looked like hunched-up rabbits, as she pressed on her lights, and started down the long hill that led past the Dwight ranch. . . .

No wonder the car had such an unstable feel to it! The brake wasn't working. Bendy's pressure on it did not slacken speed one whit. She remembered then that Murdock had grumbled about how pesky slow the car had been, the night he brought the teacher to the Rocking Chair. "I'll bet he had the brake on all the way home," she murmured.

THE car bumped along faster and faster over the rough road. Goosie looked up uneasily. They were going too swiftly now for a shifting of gears. The buildings of the Dwight ranch showed darkly at the side. There was a fence at the foot of the hill, but for years the gate had never been closed—there hadn't even been a gate the last year. Bendy jerked up the hand brake, but it slowed the momentum of the car only the smallest bit.

She stiffened, gasped. For quite suddenly the lights of her car revealed a new, tight-wired, securely fastened gate. The lights revealed, too, the new neighbor standing with hammer in hand, as though he had just completed the new gate. Strange, how in one swift second so many thoughts can flash before one. She remembered Laura's quoting, "Your appearance as you pass along—" She remembered that her shirt needed an extra button, remembered that her boots bulged queerly because the laces were so short and knotted.

The new neighbor stepped back, gesticulating desperately with the hammer, shouting something about the gate. As though she couldn't see it herself! As though she wouldn't stop if she possibly could!

A thick twang of wire, a thud of weight against wood—the whang of a cream can. A simultaneous bang on the back of her head, and a heavy gurgle of spilling cream. The car jerked backward as it hit the heavy post. It stopped then with a heavy, frustrated hiccough.

The cream can was dumped over. That was Bendy's first thought. And they were all waiting on the Rocking Chair to know how much the cream would bring. She must right it before any more spilled.

Her knees wobbled under her with dizziness as she climbed out. That must have been the lid off the cream can that whacked her on the back of the head. There it was on the ground. She stooped to get it.

Suddenly all the stars, just poking through the sky, were turned off. Shreds of black curtains swayed before her eyes. She groped frantically for something to hold to, but there was only a black billowy curtain. . . . Goosie's worried whimpering sounded farther and farther away. . . . And then nothing.

Read next month's installment to learn how Bendy made out with her cows—and how she got along with her new neighbor!

Awards in the Animal Pets Contest

Also Announcement of the Winner in Our Monthly Cover Contest

HEARTY congratulations to the prize winners in the Animal Pets Contest! The lucky three are Dorothy E. Bradley, who wins first prize for her story, "Hornie, a Chameleon"; Jane Schoonmaker, who wins second prize for "Instinct for Danger"; and Mildred Schubel, who wins third prize for her story, "Rock."

Honorable mention was awarded to the following girls: Priscilla Jacobs, for "The Taming of May Belle"; Leona Wicklund, for "Pets for a Day"; Signe Edna Erickson, for "Two Monkeys"; Marguerite Hammond, for "A Cold Bath"; and Kay Croxton, for "Pal."

The prizes are original drawings suitable for framing, which have been reproduced in the pages of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. We have selected three particularly nice pictures, all of which are in color; and we hope the winners will enjoy having them in their Little Houses, or in their own rooms. We think you will like to know which drawings were selected, so we are showing you some pictures of them in this announcement.

The judges in the Animal Pets Contest were Miss Elizabeth L. Gilman, Editor of Books for Boys and Girls, for the publishers, Farrar & Rinehart; Miss Esther G. Price, Assistant to the National Director of Girl Scouts, Inc.; and Mr. Robert L. Dickey, well-known illustrator and painter of animals.

Miss Price and Miss Gilman use the same words in giving their estimate of "Hornie,

a Chameleon," to which first prize has been awarded. "Excellent description" is the quality stressed by both these judges.

Of "Instinct for Danger," which wins second prize, Mr. Dickey says: "I hope you will not think my inordinate love of horses had any bearing on my choice of 'Instinct for Danger.' The very first paragraph attracted my attention by the author's powers of description, and taste in setting the stage for her quite unusually dramatic tale. I have

had experiences with horses which convinced me that they possessed that sixth sense so frequently attributed to animals."

In speaking of "Rock," winner of the third prize, Mr. Dickey says: "'Rock' seems to me outstanding. The author has the gift of the storyteller, and kept the reader's interest to the end. I thought her introduction of the copperhead quite ingenious, as a reason why the little bunnies were not returned to their home nest."

Cover Contest News

THE winning title for the December cover is "The Best Gift of All." This title, or some variation of it, was submitted by thirty-six girls, so the prize goes to the one who submitted the title first—Julia Ann Patch of Staunton, Virginia. Julia Ann will receive a book as a prize.

Other good titles were: "Happiness Ahead," "Christmas Cheer Throughout the Year," "Under the Spreading Christmas Tree," "The Cat's Paw," "Forsaking All Others," "Pleasure With a Treasure," "E Pluribus Unum," "Cream of the Crop," and "Even a Cat Appreciates It."

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber. The sender of the best title will receive a book as prize. Entries must be mailed by February fifteenth.



SECOND PRIZE, THE JANUARY 1935 COVER DESIGN BY ELIZABETH JONES, GOES TO JANE SCHOONMAKER



FIRST PRIZE, A DRAWING BY HENRIETTA MCCAIG STARRETT FROM THE AUGUST 1934 ISSUE, GOES TO DOROTHY E. BRADLEY



THIRD PRIZE, A DRAWING BY LESLIE TURNER FROM THE APRIL 1934 ISSUE, WON BY MILDRED SCHUBEL

Foreign Faces

(Continued from page 21)

be wonderful. To dance with a foreign student who didn't know every little humdrum thing about you, whose speech, whose ways, whose appearance, and even whose thoughts were foreign, and strange, and romantic. And, she suddenly thought, I'd seem the same way to him. I'd seem foreign, I'd seem unusual. Could anything be more exciting? "Of course. How perfectly wonderful!" she said at last, aloud.

"We knew you'd realize it when you'd thought it over." Mab crunched a *chocolat* with satisfaction. "And now we must find some boy who can invite you."

THE succeeding days sped by, however, with little sign of such a person appearing. Jill's task of holding her own in a school conducted entirely in French was so stern that, for weeks, she had little time to dwell upon anything except her difficulties with the language. But her French course in America had not been in vain, and hard work brought her at last an approving word from Mademoiselle Amiel.

"You do well in speaking French, Jill," she said, "and now you must attend to the accent."

"I have learned enough to know how badly I speak," Jill mourned.

"If you have learned that, then the accent will come." Mademoiselle Amiel smiled.

Two weeks now remained of the school year. The affair at *L'École des Nations* was only ten days distant, and Jill began to feel keenly her lack of an invitation. For the first time homesickness assailed her at finding herself shut out, and this state of mind grew upon her until she could think of nothing but her loneliness. It was not until two days before the great event that Mab greeted her one morning, waving a letter.

"Dick has a friend named Jacques who has no guest, and he will invite you," she cried. "We shall go to Mademoiselle Amiel and ask her permission."

Drawing the excited Jill with her, she sought out the Directress. Mademoiselle listened, watching Jill's face. "Would you like to attend, Jill?"

"Yes," answered the girl, not daring to hope.

"Then you shall go with me," replied Mademoiselle Amiel, "and you will need no other invitation. It is kind of this Monsieur Jacques to invite you, but a little informal—is it not so?—as you know him not at all. I must tell you, however, that the rule at *L'École des Nations* is the same as at La Gentaine regarding French. You will hear no English there, and you will speak only French."

Murmuring her delighted thanks, Jill took her leave and sped to her room, with Mab at her heels.

"What did I tell you?" shouted Mab. "You will dance with Dick, and with Jacques, too! Now are you happy?"

Jill nodded, shining-eyed.

The formal program at *L'École des Nations* was at an end. Mab, Jill, and Simone were talking with Dick and Étienne when Mab's brother suddenly darted away and, returning with another youth, presented him. His gesture included all three girls. "This is my friend Jacques, our leading Alpiniste."

Mab and Simone murmured greetings, but Jill stood transfixed. The boy on the train! There was no doubt of it. He was bowing to her. He was saying something to her, but her confusion was so great that she couldn't catch the words. Then, as he offered his arm, she realized that the orchestra had commenced to play. Shyness enveloped her for some moments after they had begun to dance. Then she realized he was speaking.

"I like to dance to this tune. I know it well. It is a favorite of mine." That is what he said, but his voice and accent lent a romantic flavor to the most ordinary remark.

She said: "I would like to dance to any tune here."

"You admire our school?" Jacques asked. "But you must see more of it—the grounds. They slope to the lake." He added, "I shall be charmed to show you the school. I shall ask the permission of Mademoiselle, your Directress."

Continental boys have beautiful manners, she thought. None of the boys at home would have said that so well. It is because Jacques has a background, tradition, all the culture of Europe behind him.

"Do you do much mountain climbing?" she asked aloud.

"Not much," he answered. "And you?"

"I know nothing of it, but Mademoiselle Amiel is taking some of us to Chamonix for a few days. Have you climbed Mt. Blanc?"

"Only once."

Of course, she thought, he would climb the highest mountain in his country.

JILL had the next dance with Étienne. Their conversation was not very successful. He spoke too fast, and it was hard to follow his jokes. Later, at the refreshment table, she found herself beside Simone, whose last partner had been Jacques. "Ah," cried Simone, "what a dancer! Charming."

"Boys of his nationality I have always found to be excellent dancers," Mab, who had joined them, answered.

"Certainement!" Jill chimed in. Didn't everyone know that Frenchmen were the most graceful dancers in the world? At that moment Dick claimed her, and she was borne off as the orchestra began again.

They moved for some time to the lively fox trot without exchanging a word. Well, it was rather restful not to talk at all, since one had to speak French or nothing. She supposed Dick felt the same way. Besides, she had heard that English boys were quiet like that. The fox trot was nearly over when her partner began, "Jacques told me that you danced extremely well, and I see that he is right."

"Oh, he would say something polite!" Jill suggested. "The French have a reputation for politeness."

"Jacques—French!" In his astonishment Dick almost stumbled. "Look here! You must be joking." He gazed at her quizzically.

Just then the music stopped, and Jacques came up to ask her for the waltz. So he wasn't French! Then what indeed was he? Her bewilderment was only equalled by her curiosity. She decided she would not ask pointedly his nationality. She didn't know what a European boy would think of such a question. Well—she would lead up to the subject in a roundabout manner.

"Have you climbed other mountains be-

side Mt. Blanc?" was her first question as they began to dance.

"Yes, Jungfrau, Matterhorn."

"Any others?" she went on insistently.

"I haven't had time. I have only been here a year."

At least then he wasn't Swiss. She persisted, "But other European peaks?"

"I mean," Jacques explained, "that I have only been in Europe a year."

Jill's brain whirled. A procession of remote nations flashed through it, each followed by a question mark as she looked at his face, rejecting them. Algerian? Kamchatkan? Persian? Chinese?

"Oh, I have climbed other mountains, of course. Rainier, Hyndman, Whitney—"

"Then you've been in America! And did you like it there?" she begged eagerly.

"What do you mean?" His eyes were puzzled.

"Do you like the people?"

"Well, I ought to, since I'm one of them."

"But you look—" Jill grew confused.

"Your perfect French—your name 'Jacques'!"

"As for my looks—" Jacques laughed. "I hope I don't look too funny. As for my French, it's awful. As for my name, the boys call me that here because 'Jacques' is 'James,' and that's my name. Or rather, it's Jimmie, Jimmie Macgregor."

Jill looked at him, speechless, as he continued: "I know now you are not French, or you would not have praised my accent. But what is your own country?"

"Just plain United States." Jill broke all rules and spoke English for the first time. The waltz finished, and they were left standing motionless.

Jimmie stared. "Where from?" He too lapsed into English.

"Unapolis."

"Me, too."

"But how could you? Where did you live?" Jill plunged on.

"Across the river. Born there."

His reply held a familiar phrase. "Across the river" in Unapolis were the mills and factories, and the people who worked in them, a separate community. Jill lived in the older and larger part of the city.

"What's your name?" she heard him demanding.

"Jill Stone."

"Any relation to R. M. Stone?"

"My father."

"My Dad works for him," announced Jimmie coolly. "He's an expert in the business, and was sent for from Scotland years ago. He's superintendent now. He went to this school when he was a boy."

A VOICE was speaking French to them again. "It is time to return to Geneva." They turned.

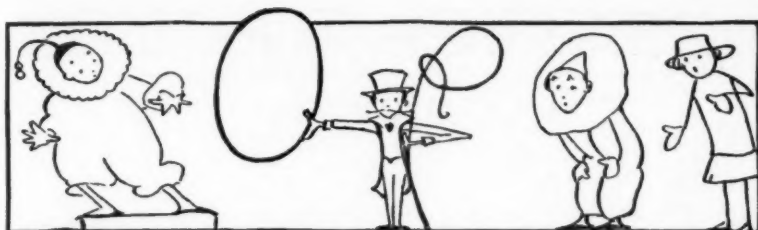
"Mademoiselle Amiel, Monsieur Jacques is from Unapolis." Jill's news was too good to keep.

Mademoiselle Amiel held out her hand. "Ah, that is interesting. Would you like to visit La Gentaine?"

"Thank you indeed, Mademoiselle, but I am leaving for home tomorrow."

"At least you shall see Jill in America," Mademoiselle prophesied agreeably.

"Indeed he shall." And as she shook hands, breaking the rule once more, Jill whispered in English, "Good-by, Jimmie."



Laugh and Grow Scout

He Turned Out

A young Indian, suddenly "oil-rich," bought a five-thousand-dollar automobile and drove away. The next day he was back at the Agency, footsore and limp, his head bandaged. This was his explanation:

"Drive big car; step on gas; trees, fences go by heap fast. Pretty soon see big bridge coming down road. Turn out to let bridge go by. Bang! Car gone! Gimme 'nother one." —Sent by VIRGINIA PEARSON, Chicago, Illinois.

Cold Indeed

A new farm hand from the city was told, one wintry morning in the small hours, to harness the mule. In the dark he tackled one of the cows instead of the mule.

The farmer shouted from the house, "Say, what are you doing? What's keeping you so long?"

"I can't get the collar over the mule's head," shouted back the new farm hand. "His ears are frozen." —Sent by BARBARA L. O'NEILL, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

Why Not?

GROCER: We have some very fine string beans today.

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE: How much are they a string? —Sent by ELSIE JANE WILLCOX, North Norwich, New York.

Flow of Thought



ADMIRER: I suppose your stories just flow from your pen.

AUTHOR (looking at pen): Sometimes the whole story comes out at once. —Sent by POLLYANNA STIEMKE, Maywood, Illinois.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Wound Too Tight



One day Billy's aunt visited him, and he took her out to see his new rabbits. One had its ears flopped down, and the aunt asked, "What makes his ears lop that way?"

"I guess the spring's broken," answered Billy, with a worried frown. —Sent by JUDITH HOLOMAN, Rich Square, North Carolina.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

FREDDIE: I didn't mean to do it. I was smiling and the smile busted. —Sent by BETTY BAITER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Quite So!



The latest Paris hats are on the lines of police helmets. The effect is said to be quite arresting. —Sent by MARILOU HOFFMAN, New Castle, Pennsylvania.

Information

A farmer walked into a country store, accompanied by his wife and ten children, and said to the clerk, "I want to get the hull lot of 'em fitted up in shoes."

After two hours of hard work, the clerk succeeded in getting each one fitted, and was beginning to make out the bill.

"Oh, don't bother about that," said the farmer. "I don't want to buy the shoes. I just want to get the sizes so's to send for 'em outen the mail-order catalogue." —Sent by MARY DALTORIO, Kent, Ohio.

Essay

A school teacher asked her pupils to write short essays, choosing their own subjects.

Gertrude's essay was as follows:

"My subyek is 'Ants.' Ants is of two kinds, insecs and lady uncles. Sometimes they live in holes and sometimes they crawl into the sugar hole, and sometimes they live with their married sisters. That is all I know about ants." —Sent by CAROL HUFFSMITH, Modesto, California.

It Got Away

TEACHER: Freddie, you mustn't laugh out loud in the schoolroom.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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WIN PRIZES!

see page 39

OUR PUZZLE PACK**The Book Lover**

Here is one of our girl readers settling down to an evening of enjoyment with her favorite reading. Evidently she is so interested in what she is reading that there is scant attention paid to the surroundings, for there is much in the picture that is not exactly right.

There are at least twelve mistakes or things wrong in the scene shown. How many can you find?

3. Water from clouds.
4. Taverns.
5. Ground-plot.
6. Delicate coloring.
7. Letters by post.
8. Curved masonry.
9. St. Joseph High School. (abbr.)
10. A jogging pace.
11. Fancy bread.
12. Periods of time.
13. Opposite west.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. Mohammedan deity.
2. South American animal.
3. A stratum.
4. To correct.
5. Strong, vigorous.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change SOUR to SALT in ten moves.

Charade

My first is in game, but never in play.
My second, in evening, is never in day.
My third is in solo and also in song.
My fourth is in great and also in long.
My fifth is in run, and also in ran.
My sixth is in plate and also in pan.
My seventh, in happy, is never in sad.
My eighth is in humor, but never in bad.
My ninth is in New Year and also in Yule.
My whole is a subject we all have in school.

By FRANCES DARE BONOFF, Woodmere, N. Y.

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, six new words will be formed. The six added letters spell the name of a famous American inventor.

1. Ear 2. Sage 3. And 4. Ear 5. Men 6. Ear

An Acrostic

Write a list of four-letter words, the definitions of which are given below. The first and third letters, reading down, will spell the name of a personage and a form of decoration very popular with all young people.

1. To throw.
2. State of being hot.

Anagram Animals

Rearrange the letters in the words listed below and make the names of five animals.

1. Mr. Day rode.
2. Dollar aim.
3. Leap, then!
4. Go on a tan rug.
5. Log rail.

A "Canned" Puzzle

All the words, the definitions of which are given below, begin with CAN.

1. A waterway.
2. An overhead covering.
3. A walking stick.
4. Confection.
5. Means of illumination.
6. A songster.
7. A tea container.
8. Ordnance.
9. Fabric.
10. Watercraft.
11. Engineering term.
12. A fruit.
13. An abyss.
14. A country.

ANSWERS TO OUR LAST PUZZLES

A THRIFT PUZZLE: By always keeping to the right when coming to a "fork" the bank can be reached after spending four dollars and ninety cents. The only other route requires five dollars to be spent.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

LEAST
EARTH
ARGUE
STUFF
THEFT

WORD JUMPING: Black, block, clock, cloak, croak, creek, creed, greed, green.

A POET CHARADE: Lowell.

ADD A LETTER: The added letters spell EVANGELINE.

AN ENIGMA: Robert Louis Stevenson.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: The letter L.
HIDDEN ARCHITECTURE: 1. Window, 2. Floor, 3. Door, 4. Ceiling, 5. Walls, 6. Arch.

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Q 251	Official raincoat. Sizes 8-16.	2.50
	Sizes 18, 38, 40 and 44.	3.00
Q 141	Unlined alligator raincoat. Sizes 10 and 12.	1.00
Q 215	Middy blouse, long sleeves. Sizes 38 and 40.	.50
Q 216	Middy blouse, short sleeves. Sizes 16-18, 38-46.	.50
Q 252	Slip-over sweater, wool. Apple green. Sizes 8, 10 and 12.	.50
Q 561	Silver thimble, trefoil medallion. Sizes 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10.	.75

CAMP UNIFORMS

E 171	Camp suit—sleeveless romper. Green Pamico. Sizes 8-18, and 38.	1.00
E 221	Camp suit—shorts and blouse. Green chambray. Sizes 8, 10 and 38.	.75
E 271	Camp suit—shorts and blouse. Green Pamico. Sizes 8-18.	1.25
E 561	Camp suit—shorts and blouse. Green suiting. Sizes 8-18.	1.00
E 564	Skirt for E 561 camp suit. Green suiting. Sizes 10-16.	.75
E 591	Camp suit—shorts and blouse. Green Innisfree. Sizes 8 and 12-16.	1.00
E 701	Camp suit—romper, blouse top. Green Everfast. Sizes 8-18.	1.00
	Blue Everfast. Size 14 only.	1.00
E 711	Camp suit—romper, blouse top. Green chambray. Sizes 10-18.	.50
E 791	Camp suit—romper, blouse top. Green Innisfree. Sizes 8-18 and 38.	1.00
Q 281	Camp suit—smock and circular bloomer. Green poplin. Sizes 14, 16 and 18.	2.50

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Q 121	Brown water-proof canvas. Size 12" x 36".	1.75
Q 128	Brown water-proof canvas. Size 9" x 24".	1.00

HOSIERY

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	or two pair	.25
Q 311	Straight ribbed hose, light green. Sizes 8-10½.	.20
Q 312	Straight ribbed hose, dark green. Sizes 8-10½.	.20
Q 316	Cotton anklets with trefoil, light green. Sizes 7-10½ (No size 9 or 9½).	.10
Q 319	Cotton anklet with trefoil, blue. Sizes 9 and 10½.	.10
Q 321	Shaped ribbed hose, light green. Sizes 8½-10.	.25
Q 322	Shaped ribbed hose, dark green. Sizes 8½-10½.	.30
Q 326	Wool anklet with trefoil, light green. Sizes 7-9½.	.10
Q 327	Wool anklet with trefoil, tan. Sizes 8-9½.	.10
Q 392	Cotton anklet with trefoil, tan. Sizes 8 and 8½.	.15
Q 301	Straight ribbed hose, tan. Sizes 8 and 9.	.15
Q 302	Straight ribbed hose, brown. Sizes 8, 8½, 9½ and 10½.	.15
Q 341	Shaped lisle hose, brown. Sizes 8½ through 10.	.25
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Q 391	Shaped ribbed hose, brown. Sizes 8½-10½.	.15

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H 162	Bass moccasin. Brown elk, 8". Sizes 4C, 4½C, 5C.	3.75
H 171	Canoe moccasin. Sizes 2½, 3, 3½, 4½, 5½, 6, 7, 7½ and 8.	1.25

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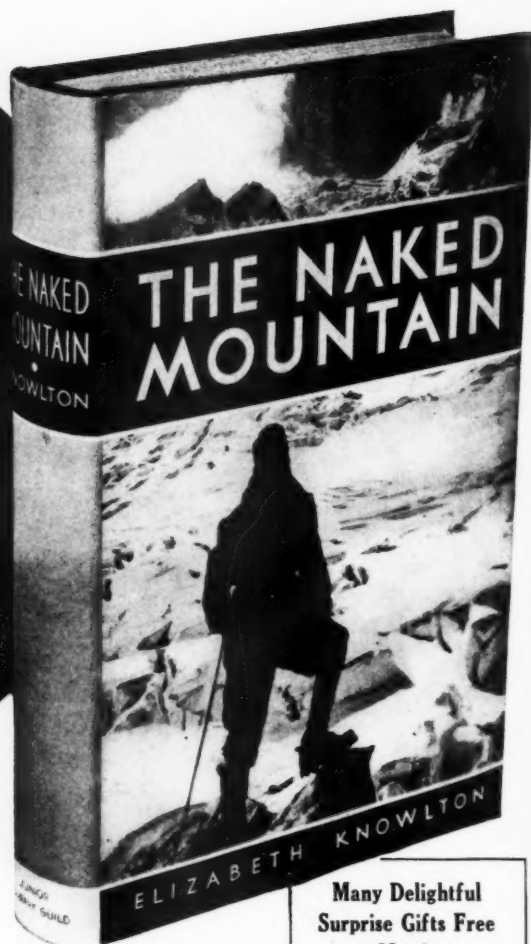
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